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Edward Rowland Sill

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A MEMORIAL

OF

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

WHO DIED FEBRUARY 27TH, 1887.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEMORIAL MEETING HELD BY HIS FRIENDS
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BERKELEY CLUB, AT
OAKLAND, CAL., 14TH APRIL, 1887

TOGETHER WITH

EXTRACTS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE

"*At every hour, in every place of meeting,*
Where we together shared delight and pain,
Yes, everywhere will dear thoughts keep repeating,
'*Here, too, his voice, his look, his touch, remain!*'"

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MEMORIAL MEETING.

Judge J. H. Boalt, Chairman, introduced the proceedings with the following remarks:—

Before proceeding with the exercises that have been arranged for this evening, it may be expedient to preface them with a few words of explanation.

The Berkeley Club has been accustomed for now many years to meet every alternate Thursday evening and listen to an essay prepared and read by one of its members, which was usually followed by a general discussion of the subject matter of the essay. During these years we have been compelled to mourn the loss of some of our most useful and valued members, and on several occasions we have deemed it fitting to alter the course of our fortnightly meeting and substitute for the usual essay and discussion commemorative papers and reminiscences of these lost friends.

When the intelligence of the death of Professor Sill reached us, it was determined thus to set apart one of our Thursday evenings and devote it to memorial exercises in his honor. It soon appeared that there were many among his old pupils, and colleagues, and friends, who desired to join with us in offering tributes to his memory; and almost before we were ourselves aware of it our Club memorial meeting, by a quiet and spontaneous growth, expanded into this larger gathering of friends and admirers of our late associate. A public notice would of course have brought together a much more numerous assembly, but it was felt that such publication would have been a departure from the spirit which was the inspiring cause of this

reunion, and that it would have been in the highest degree repugnant to the wishes of our departed friend. It is honorable to him that so slight a notice should have brought together so large a gathering.

Professor Sill was not a man whom it was easy to know. That he was neither cold nor repellant the number and strength of his friendships abundantly testify. But he had some of that wise reserve which comes sooner or later to all men of thought —the reserve that springs from an acquired consciousness that first thoughts are often only the forerunners of better thoughts —the suggestions which come before knowledge. In him this was accompanied by a certain quaint shyness, which was not the least of his many attractions. It belonged to a poetic temperament, which was exquisitely sensitive to impressions, and was the natural companion of a refined mind, exceedingly fastidious in choice of word and act. It is said by those who knew him best and longest, that many, even of his friends, knew but one side of him, and that the phases of his character to these friends unknown were fully as admirable as those that had excited their love and respect. There are those whom we learn to esteem after a slight acquaintance; what we know of them is so agreeable that we do not need to advance further. We shall hear to-night from those who knew our lost friend in different capacities, and under differing circumstances, and may thus be enabled to supplement our own knowledge of him by their report. Without such information, we should hardly be able to gain a full comprehension of him, for he was like a fine landscape, which, although beautiful from any standpoint, is only thoroughly appreciated when seen from many different points of view.

To me, and I believe to many others present, the death of Professor Sill will always seem peculiarly regrettable, because it was the premature ending of a career that might have become, in a broad and marked sense, memorable. For this man seemed

to me to possess that rarest of gifts, the true poetic soul and temperament. I thought I found in some of his poems a purity of tone, a delicacy of feeling, a refinement of expression, which belong only to genius. I hoped for a fuller development of his powers in a wider atmosphere. I believed that somewhere in the future willing laurels were waiting for him. It seems to me hard measure that this bright spirit should pass away almost before the glory of its presence had been discovered.

But it is consoling to remember that our friend cared little for the praise which follows success. I think indeed he had a certain dread of applause. He looked upon it as a pitfall in the way of merit. He feared its power to degrade an aspiration into an ambition. He preferred the clear perceptions of his own mind to the imperfect understandings of others. He realized that praise is often misled and therefore, to the extent of its influence, misleading. In his view the main point was to build up not reputation but character. This was the one thing valuable and to be sought with earnest single-mindedness. To put too much value on the good opinions of others was therefore to place an unnecessary temptation in one's path. If one gained the lofty altitude toward which he ought to aim it was of very little consequence what people said about it. And he lived as he believed.

The following letter from Professor Baldwin, of Yale, was read:—

My Dear Mr. Palmer:

I wish I could be with the Berkeley Club next week, and hear more of Sill's life among you as a man. By his publications, mainly, I know him in the maturity of his character; but to me the real picture and the deepest memory is that of the

dreamy, impetuous, sensitive, thoughtful youth of college days. His bent then was all towards the pursuit of the reflective and imaginative, rather than the exact or the historic. If he was any man's disciple, he was Carlyle's. There was nothing conventional in his ideas of things. He must translate human experience into his own thought and language. He must verify his own propositions.

The world was no fool's paradise to him. It looked often black, and always dark—dark with mystery, if not with anguish of soul. "We all remember," he wrote in his junior year, in the *Yale Lit.*, "that day in our boy-life, when first the individual 'I' isolates itself and grasps the truth that *my* identity is of no more importance in the great sum of things than any other single one of these that are born, and eat, and die about me; nay, more,—is of less importance than many, because worse or weaker than they. And as the truth dawns upon the mind that all men are *not* equal, that he himself must go through his existence inferior in brain and soul to many of his fellows, the mind opens with a great sigh to take in this truth; patiently, sometimes,—oftener with the whole heart rebelliously clenched against it."

He had no patience with the mere man of business, who had no aspirations beyond money-getting and honor-getting. "Poor petrifactions of men," he said, in apostrophizing them in the same article, "one shudders even to imagine you, at last, when the great veil is being lifted, with your weazened, world-crusted souls, cringing into the dim outskirts of the presence of the Eternal."

I was much impressed by this solemn and vivid word-picture of the Last Day when I first read it, twenty-seven years ago, and I am no less so to-day. He had from the first a rare power of painting in words, whether he chose prose or poetry to work with, and his feeling was his own. It came unborrowed and unbidden.

Of course, his thoughts were not always of a serious kind. He loved fun as well as any of us, in his quiet way, and was ready at joke and banter, cutting deep sometimes, but never ill-naturedly. It was not a merry crowd, however, that he loved best; but quiet companionship with chosen friends.

College life he took in a leisurely way, valuing it for what it brought as well as for what it was. He read more of what was not required of us than of that which was, and the honors he took, whether at the hands of the Faculty or of the students, were such as go with general literary and oratorical power, rather than scholarship. He was not one of those who are always in a hurry. The drift of his mind was something like that brought before us in his lines:

> "Still move the clouds, like great, calm thoughts, away,
> Nor haste, nor stay."

Two men in our class were very much to each other—Sill and Shearer. It was a deep grief to Sill when they were parted by Shearer's early death in 1869. He could hardly speak of it. The friends of both can think of them now as met again, perhaps, in some great order of things, where characters have time to ripen and opportunities to hold as well as seize; or rather where "time shall be no more," and opportunity has no limits.

Yours sincerely,

SIMEON E. BALDWIN.

NEW HAVEN, April 5th, 1887.

EARLY MANHOOD.

Mr. C. T. H. Palmer read the following:—

In the allotment of short papers aiming to portray in order of time the various periods in the life of Edward Rowland Sill, it has fallen to me to begin the series by recalling him in

his early manhood, and by noting how he "changed not, only grew" to the hour of his death.

We met first in April, 1864, a point of time to him exactly half-way between the cradle and the grave. This happening has no significance to others, but to me it is most felicitous. I saw him when the introspectiveness of his boyish and college days began to change into the action of more outward life, and I have watched from near at hand the orderly unfolding of that action, year by year, into the "*pleonousia*," or fuller life, the potentiality of which he delighted to find in all men, and the power of which he mourned to find in so few. What I saw of the fruitage in the last half of his life is enough and more than enough to give me the keen sense of irreparable loss, because I was not allowed to watch the germination, the first swelling out to meet the breath and the warmth of nature, the budding, the earliest flowering, of this most rare, amaranthine, and indestructible soul.

For nearly all of the first two years, we were in the same room in every business hour of the days, and in the same house or under the same trees through the living hours between. Our business was chiefly the purchase of gold dust from miners and assaying it in bullion at a country banking house in Folsom. You all, who have known our friend, will understand at once how uncongenial the business hours were to him. He knew, better than most men do, how poor and lean a thing money is as mere money, and how it stunts one back from the real life. He had a horror for the thoughts and aims that money breeds in man. The exact calculations in computing assays, the accuracy required in keeping the bank's books of account were painful things. But he never consented to do the most painful things ill. Unable to be unconscientious in his work, he made his calculations and kept his accounts with conspicuous, if costly, accuracy. And, separating the money idea from gold, he loved to handle the gold itself as an object of art. It pleased

him, with the fingers of an artist, to bring the gold dust out clean from its clog of black sand; with the eye of an artist to see the beautiful flood of metal leap from the crucible to shiver and stiffen in the ingot-mould; and, most of all, to watch at the close of cupellation, the iridescences of the rainbow blended upon the trembling drop of purified gold. The poet's eye saw the round beauty that comes with the instant of perfection.

But there were more human alleviations to the dreary hours of business. When the iron doors of the bank clanged together in the afternoon, four emancipated young men went to a home, where, with others of a better sex and of various ages, we all lived friendly with each other. The one thing which will never become faint out of my prolonged intercourse with him is the memory of the evenings and the half-nights and sometimes the whole nights, when we "outwatched the Bear" together in the circle-work of determining how rich this poor world might be made to become, and more especially, of trying to settle our own souls. These foregatherings were always in a garden-hammock swung under the "three ancient trees," the life of which he has preserved in the delightful poem of "Home," written then and published three years after in his first volume of poems. No one was with us except our thoughtful pipes and Leo, a favorite Newfoundland dog, who usually slept so long as we remained within orthodoxy, but was apt to stir uneasily and whine a contradiction from his instinct, when we traveled beyond bounds. What was thought and said in those long but swift nights,—who can ever say again? I am sure that there are those here to-night who would gladly bear with me in any imperfect attempt to reproduce one of those communions, or, I should say rather, of his inspired monologues, but there are limitations here now, as there were none there then. And the despair of this memorial meeting is, that after all is said that will be said, some of you must go away, each thinking,—"The half has not been told! I too

have known such hours and better hours with him, and if I had felt the right to speak words that they could hear out of those hours, *I* could have invoked into this room a beloved spirit and made him visible."

At the time of these conversations, our friend was in the condition of spiritual unrest which has a cycle in early manhood. Three years afterwards, he saw more clearly over the interruption between the known and the unknown life, when he went to the Harvard Divinity School with his nearest friend, Sextus Shearer, to study theology. There his old doubts returned, and his intellectual integrity compelled him to renounce forever the possibility of preaching what he could not know. In after life he always said, he could not see—he could not see—why should he try to blind himself by peering into the invisible? But he never let go the hope, that as the end of known evolution is in the known man, the crown of a possible evolution will be the completed man. In his last volume, the poem of "Roland" seems to tell me much more than the characteristic suggestion of the name :—it tells me of his spiritual vision for whom the name stood. And in the poem of "The Invisible," after two pages of suspicions against immortality, he challenges Death as the Angel of Separation, with this single and sufficient line :

"Nay, *by our wondrous being*, nay !"

He felt the wonderfulness of the life this side of Death, and that its incompleteness required something beyond. From his published words and, much more, from the varying flood of what he has said and written to me, I am assured, that while his spirit was too honest and humble to dare to push assurance beyond knowledge, he always hoped "in the power of an endless life."

At this time he sought other and more active relief from the smother of business : he superintended a Sunday School. It was the only day in the week that he owned, and he gave it

away as he gave everything, enclosing himself in the gift. Doing such work he was in his place. There are those here who know personally, and better than I do, how in that little country Sunday School he unsealed the eyes of children, who had been staring without vision, and revealed to them the majesty of the smallest things on earth, and such unawakened potencies in their own being, that if they would but be lords of themselves, they might become the over-lords of others. He was born to inspire. The result was there, as it has since been here, and always was to be everywhere in every stage of the longest life he might have lived. Young men clung to him even with a strange passion: young girls worshiped him and only asked that it might not be afar off. What such new planet had ever "swum into their ken"? This was never wonderful, and, least of all, at that time. The grace and manly beauty of his bearing was that of a young Greek: the large, warm eyes looked afar out like the eyes of Shelley. In a life which has been made happier by many friendships, I can recall only one other man who possessed a power of fascination akin to his. Wherever either of these men settled himself, to him came hurrying through the air a crowd of eager souls bringing their best treasures, and swarmed upon him, like happy bees. There is but one way in which I can explain this fascination. Manly beauty alone, the most gentle masterfulness of manner alone, the poetic contagion alone, will not do it. But it is a part of that rarest and incomparable gift of humanity,—a bisexual soul. Have we not sometimes felt that this also belongs to revelation, though unwritten?—"from the beginning, male and female created He some of their spirits." In music, that note from another thrills when it finds its own chord within us. We love that in another which we are glad to love, and aspire to perfect, in ourselves. Either sex found in our friend something of itself or its own best possibilities,—and that may be more desirable to some than either complement or

supplement. There may come pain in such devotion as there must come happiness; but that keen, happy pain, who would lose? And such devotion may give, as well as receive, the happiness and the pain. May it not give something more? There is education in the interplay of innocent emotions. I remember the defence of the Jewish prince, who, when he was fainting with hunger, did but taste of the honeycomb before him; and lo! his eyes were enlightened.

Most of the short poems in his first volume were written during those two years at Folsom. So, too, was one which should not have been omitted from it,—the brilliant poem for the Associated Alumni in 1865, which compelled California to recognize a new poet. The time would fail me—does indeed fail me and belongs to others—to say words about his skylark singing, when his whole nature throbbed and panted with poetic aspiration. Nor may I enlarge upon the wonderful power as a teacher, inspirer indeed, which he afterwards exercised at Oakland and in the University at Berkeley; nor upon the way he increased himself as a literary man, growing as a tree grows, in every direction.

We are not here as the Egyptian Assessors of the Dead—we are not just or good enough for that—but as those who loved him, exchanging experiences of the ways in which he infused himself into our own lives. If we say, then, that he was a man of unusual mental gifts, an educator of high order, a poet of much merit and more promise, a shrewd critic and a writer of pleasant prose, a shy, modest man who did not always sign his name to his best work or play, one who attracted good and repelled evil in others,—what is all that except a miserable half-truth? If that were all, we should not be here. I hold it to be wrong and a shame to make the word of our mouths less than the word in our hearts. Shall he, who was a prince among us, be embalmed in common rags for his cerements? Let no one belittle the truth. For this man was always distinct

from men,—a slender flower among thorns—a diamond in the drift of the conglomerate—a charming holiday among the weary working days of the world. In his bearing he was a knight in all except the spur and sword of chivalry. He was free as a waft of warm air to all who could receive and breathe him; hardfast as the cruel cold ice to those whose contact would stain him. His beautiful genius was his birthright and its airy play his life. So far, every one may say and still be measuring words. But those who have been quickened by his friendship may take up the theme and carry it on. That friendship was a great rock in place to which they went for shade and rest. In compelling them to love him he compelled them to love themselves more wisely. Toward him they will henceforward press on, hoping to see that soul in its transfiguration. "Our wondrous being" was his argument for the fuller life: the wonderfulness of his being and its beauty, while yet unfinished, will be to them an argument for that vista of living in which we may find completion but cannot see the end. We call it immortality.

Portions of letters from Charles Warren Stoddard, and R. E. C. Stearns, of the Smithsonian Institute, were read:—

Dear Friend:

It was good of you to write. I didn't know Sill very well. I always admired him and wanted to love him, but was afraid to. You know his pencil was as graceful as his pen. Once when I took him an album and asked him to add a sketch, with his autograph, he asked me what he should draw for me. I said a palm tree. When he returned the book he added, "I've made you something you stand more in need of." It was an iceberg.

I spent a night at his home in Oakland—a little house like a bird's nest, very shady and fragrant. I think you were there

during the evening. I slept on a lounge in the parlor almost within reach of the piano. When he said good-night—he seemed like a boy then, and was gleeful—he told me if I wakened in the night I was to go to the piano and tell him so. I didn't waken. The atmosphere of the place was singularly restful. Somehow I kept thinking of Shelley and of a life apart from the world.

I have not seen him for years nor heard from him—save a few lines he sent when I went to Notre Dame.

I can add nothing to this, save that I find consolation in remembering the work, the great, good work he did so modestly, so conscientiously, so quietly.

Sincerely yours,

C. W. Stoddard.

Covington, Ky., 6 April, 1887.

Dear Professor Kellogg:

I am exceedingly grateful for your kind note of the 22d March, informing me of the proposed memorial meeting of the Berkeley Club for our friend Sill. Words utterly fail to express how severe a shock the knowledge of his death has given me. I am still dazed, and cannot really feel that he is dead, for though we had not met since before he left Berkeley our correspondence was so frequent, and its character as well as our relations such, that it has seemed as if all that was needed at any time in order to feel the pressure of *his* hand, was to reach out my own.

I look back to the year 1874 as especially memorable. About the first of January my term of service in connection with the management of the affairs of the University commenced; in the following May the office of the Secretary was established at Berkeley. A few months after my appointment Mr. Sill was elected Professor of English Language and Litera-

ture, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Swinton. The termination of Mr. Swinton's incumbency occurred at a time when the University was at the mercy of one of those political tempests which test the strength of a ship. In glancing at the varied aspects of the situation at that time, it will be seen that Mr. Sill entered upon the duties of his chair under auspices not altogether favorable. His standard was high, and his devotion to his work absolutely sincere. I have reason to believe that he was unusually systematic, and, without being severe, still a rigid disciplinarian—in fact, put conscience into his work, and expected conscientious work from his students. However, he soon had his department well in hand, and the respect and esteem of the best students soon were his.

I had never met Mr. Sill before the date of our connection with the University. I knew of him through friends of mine who were also his friends; but I *felt* that I knew him, by reason of the admirable poem which I had read and re-read—the poem that he contributed to the famous Alumni celebration in Oakland, at which Edward Tompkins presided. If this poem had been read at Harvard under similar circumstances, Sill's name and place as a poet would have been recognized and proclaimed at once. As the world goes, locality and environment count for something in the appreciation, placing, and honoring of men.

Sometimes there was between us an exchange of clippings from the papers—odd scraps of humor illustrated with off-hand pen-and-ink drawings. I have one of his enclosures before me now—a clipping from the "Boston Transcript," verses entitled "That Amateur Flute," with two pages of note-paper covered with drawings by Sill illustrative of the poem, all exceedingly amusing. And so the tone and flavor of our correspondence ran from gay to grave, from lively to severe. As my eyes look upon the letters, clippings, jokes and puns, notes and queries

before me, how very near he seems!—how impossible that he is dead! "March 19th, 1883," in reply to mine, he wrote: "The sprig of laurel was received and gave us a pleasant sniff of home. Thank you. It came unbroken in your ingenious casket; the only 'laurel' I have received so far." Again he discourses on the beauty of snow crystals, or about some curious bug, or writes eloquently of the scenery of California or elsewhere, or mentions some book that he has read, that is worth reading. I will close with an extract from another letter:

"It is lovely in the White Mountains. They're little fellows considered as mountains, you know; but there's lots of quiet beauty up there. Beautiful fresh woods for one thing. Do you remember how the white birches gleam out among the dark firs and spruces? and the cool depths of the maple woods? Birds, too, no end; because of the greenery and the brooks."

I can go no further. Here let me rest, grateful that so noble and true a life has been a part of mine.

ROBT. E. C. STEARNS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1887.

AS A COMRADE.

Dr. J. K. McLean read the following:—

The part assigned me in these exercises is to speak of our friend within that relation under which I knew him best—as a comrade in outings. Very much that I could say and would like to say of him outside of this special ground, I am, therefore, constrained to leave to others.

Sad as is the task assigned me, not even its great sadness can altogether quench the delight of it. For quite thirteen years Professor Sill and I were accustomed to go on outings together; into all sorts of places, almost, and by all sorts of

ways. From a good half of our beautiful State there come up to me at this moment tender and fragrant recollections of tramps and camps, expeditions by rail, on horseback, and on foot; of hours spent prone beside ferny springs, perched on sunny mountain crags, couched beside brawling streams; of days following the trout streams and the deer ranges, and of nights spent under the open sky. From the redwoods of Mendocino — great trees he loved so well—to the snowy flanks of Shasta and the limpid depths of the McCloud River, come recollections—made sacred now—of adventure and misadventure, and, if I may say so, peradventure, too; into all of which the sweet and gentle spirit of our friend has so interblended itself as that every one of these things shall be to me forever monumental of him.

On these expeditions, every experience was accepted by Professor Sill with a keenness of zest that would allow neither himself nor those who were with him to take it as in the least commonplace or annoying. With equal enthusiasm would he court the shy wood humming-birds and delightful water-ousels, and coax the lizards; help to fell trees for river foot-logs; gather fir and redwood boughs for bedding, and chop stumps for fuel; take out rattlesnake fangs for microscopic examination, stalk deer, and praise the forest flowers and mountain lilies. Combined with the poetic faculty in him, which seemed to be specially stimulated and drawn out by all these out of door influences, our outings developed also in Professor Sill an inextinguishable boyishness of spirit and expression, which made his companionship as fresh and breezy as any upland slope we ever visited.

He possessed that cardinal trait for true companionship in outing—the disposition that makes both conversation and silence equally unoppressive and restful. Through the entire gamut of topics conversable would we go, soon or late; sometimes talking day long and half the night in humor earnest and

playful, on other days and nights lapsing into a silence which seemed wholly in place and without need for apology. Rare, golden letter days were those! Am I disconsolate that they are forever ended? I am supremely grateful they ever began; ended they have not, nor ever can.

It somehow grew up between us that Professor Sill was Izaak Walton and I Daniel Boone (pronounced always and carefully "Dan'l"). We have scarcely spoken or written to each other under other names for years. Alas and alas that it should all be over! Is it possible I have no gentle, loving-eyed, contemplative Izaak with and for whom to concoct impossible schemes of adventure and to invent serio-whimsical notions of life and manners? This habit of thirteen years, so grown into second nature, how can it be so rudely broken off! Two world moving schemes in particular must now die unrealized: one for a balloon motor up Mount Shasta and other steeps, the other of an institution for the development of human souls—any applying soul to be given six months' time in which to show its possibilities of development; failing in which, it to be shot without appeal.

I cannot tell at all how it came about that we two, who were not so very intimate in other ways, grew to be so associated as comrades in outing. But in some way the association was formed, became a close and quite constant one, and ended only with Professor Sill's removal from the State. Indeed, it did not end then. In spirit and by letter we have kept on making trips and tramps as we used to do in fact, Izaak with his tackle, Dan'l with his gun, and both packed whimsically down with grotesque and serious notion and idea. Our ordinary outfit was far more notional than real: one stew-pan to forty notions.

You do not know a man thoroughly, my friends, until you have *outed* with him. I mean by that, not merely to have traveled with him over ordinary routes by sea or land; but to have

tramped with him, camped with him, clomb with him, swum with him, fished with him, hunted with him, shared blankets with him; gone partners with him both in the cooking and the clearing up of the cooking; in gathering bough beds and making camp fires, killing snakes, skinning deer, dressing fish, and burning hornets' nests. All this is the most penetrating test of character to which you can possibly subject fellow mortal. Outing, in the thorough sense of the term—going away alone with a man, time after time for a period of years, outside of the last lines of civilized restraint, and putting him and yourself back upon the original, unrestricted ground of savagery—is the most searching and perilous of all possible tests, either of character or of friendship. As for such expeditions men put on their oldest and simplest suits for the body, so do they wear their oldest and least artificial suits of character. And as they come back, usually, with the one suit torn to tatters and left fluttering upon the chapparal, so do they exactly also as regards the other. It is rent to the quick by the unwonted exigencies. All of one's nice sense of the proprieties, all of his mere extraneous manfulness, is subjected to such a strain that it is certain to be left, with his garments, shredded by the way, and his veriest self apparent. Outing, as a disclosure of character, has in it a power second only to the highest of all revealing powers: it is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart; neither is there any creature that is not manifest in its sight.

What I have to say to you, my friends, for our Professor Sill in this connection, is that having gone outing together the nine times, we neither of us flinched from going again the tenth: and having gone the second nine times and the third, we did not hesitate to go again and again, up to the full ten times ten. And in all that experience I saw in him only the truest and

most real of men. A real man, and with all of the boy left in him, too.

In one sense most unequally yoked together were we; in another not. He the poet, I the pathfinder. He quick to interpret the hidden meaning of the things we found, and to render it into words, I helpful in finding the things. So, we supplemented each other, and had the advantage of two horizons.

In all our multifarious adventures and misadventures—and soon and late, these quite equaled those in number—Professor Sill never lost temper, or cheer, or zest, or resource. My comrade never shirked his part of the work, nor postured in doing it. He never either took secretly the best piece of our poor provision, nor—which is a still more revealing thing—the worst piece; but straightforwardly and as matter of course appropriated his half of both pieces, and without remark left the other half. All of which, taken not in sense material, means a great deal more than most of you will take it for.

In a word, what I am desiring to convey in this manner of speech—which however it may appear to any, is to me in the profoundest degree pathetic—is, that peeling off the last layer of all that is conventional, extraneous, and, so to speak, tailor-made, Professor Sill appeared, under the most searching of all possible lights, the same genial, gentle, unpretentious, sincere, deep-sighted, quick-witted, real, delightful, gifted, lovable, unwearying, manful, communicating man at core, that he elsewhere and under other conditions, *appeared* to be. I can conceive of no stronger thing to say of my friend than that.

While I am sure I by no means comprehended all that was in Professor Sill, I think I was so placed as to *see* all that was in him. And I delight to say it was all sweet, and genuine, and purely and fragrantly manful. Others can say to what extent he was poet, thinker, teacher, friend. I can say he was altogether a man; and as a comrade was without his peer.

The following letters were read:—

To those attending the Memorial Services for Professor Sill—

My Friends:—It is with sincere regret that I announce my inability to be with you upon this occasion.

There are men and women among you who are well able to rate at its true value the scholarship of the late Professor Sill, well able to appreciate his ability as a critic and his power as a poet—but none who can feel the loss of the friend more than I do. During my brief professional career in Berkeley, Professor Sill was unwearied in his efforts to advance my interests, and the unobtrusive manner and the sweetly given advice (so characteristic of the man), made our intercourse a source of unbroken harmony. I cannot be with you in the flesh, but I mourn with you in the spirit.

Very respectfully,

John Murray.

Santa Maria, Cal., April 8, '87.

My Dear McChesney:

Nothing that I can say about dear Sill seems to me just now worth saying at all. It was my fortune to stand for some years very near to him in certain regards, and to gain an insight into his fearless, devoted, and generous heart that I may not hope to describe to anybody else. It was also my lot to owe to his friendship, counsel, and intercession, the attainment of some of the greatest prizes that I shall ever dream of finding in life. Meanwhile, so much about his nature remained in the midst of all this intimacy beyond my power to appreciate as I ought—in so many ways he was too wealthy a soul for me to respond to—that I am sure you could not find a worse person among his friends than myself if you want to get a fair account of his genuine character and quality. I know too little of him, after all. What most strikes me about him, at this moment, is the

fact that he was, I might almost say, slain solely by his zeal for his ideals. With other men ideal aims are often matters of aspiration. With Sill they were his constant companions from moment to moment. With other men, too, such ideals are apt to be rather dreams than task-masters. Sill's ideals were as exacting as the calls of the most prosaic and harassing business, even while they were the ideals of a born poet. You could never catch him at a moment when he was or could be false to them. He was full of humor, but he could never jest at his ideals. Once in sportive conversation I remember his chancing to say, in condemnation of some philosophic doctrine: "If that be wisdom, may I never be enlightened!—But no," he added at once, and reverently, "I will not say that even in jest. Whatever comes, may we be some day enlightened." Sill loved his friends, and was the most loyal of men to them, but he could never hear from them an offence to these ideals; and at such a time he always spoke plainly.

In the service of these ideals he cared of course nothing for popularity, although by nature he was intensely sensitive to personal conflicts of all sorts. Once I found him very gloomy. His work at Berkeley was wearing him out, and certain of his worst pupils, to whose interests he had been showing his usual unsparing devotion, had just been paining him by bitter speeches and cruel misunderstandings. I gossiped on about the affair to him, in an irresponsible way, of course, until among other things I said: "You see, Sill, all this comes from your determined fashion of casting pearls before swine. Why will you always do it?"—"Ah, Royce," he responded, with a perfectly simple and calm veracity in his gentle voice, "you never know in this world whether you were really casting pearls at all until you feel the tusks."

As for Sill's ideal itself, it was an ideal of the highest manhood, an ideal towards which he desired all his friends to strive. His ideal future man was the combination of the truth-

seeker and the doer of good into the one person of the true poet. He never would admit any real opposition between the scientific and the poetical spirit, or between either and the capacity for simple practical devotion to one's daily tasks. We ourselves, he taught, make in our false one-sidedness the so-called oppositions of these ideals. In themselves they are one. Science is, or ought to be, poetry, and poetry is knowledge, and the humanity of the future will not divide life, but will unite it. To bring such manly unity into his own life was his constant effort, and he perpetually invited others to join in the truly humane task that he wanted to have proposed to the men of this so divided and unhappily specialized generation. Laboring in the service of such things, Sill sacrificed his health, and finally his life.

I beg your pardon for the inadequacy of these few pages.

Yours very truly,

JOSIAH ROYCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS, April 6, 1887.

AS A TEACHER.

Mr. J. B. McChesney read the following :—

In June, 1871, the Board of Education of Oakland elected Edward R. Sill to a position in the Oakland High School. He was then a resident of Ohio, and personally unacquainted with the members of the School Board; in fact, I doubt if half a dozen families in the city had ever heard of him. When he reported for duty the High School had less than one hundred pupils enrolled, and he was the only teacher besides the Principal. His work embraced a variety of departments at first, but he was mainly occupied with Latin, Greek, and Rhetoric. His connection with the school lasted until May, 1874, when he resigned to accept the position of Professor of English Literature in the University of California.

These three years of Professor Sill's life occurred at a time when he was still sustained by the hopes and ambitions of youth. He thus entered upon his labors with a zeal and enthusiasm tempered by a judgment derived from experience. As I revert to those three years I am more and more impressed with the value of his labors. The citizens of Oakland will never realize *how* valuable his services were in promoting the interests of the young High School. Both teachers and pupils were encouraged and strengthened by the interest and earnestness he displayed.

From my intimate association with him, both in the schoolroom and out of it, I had opportunities for observing his methods and for becoming thoroughly familiar with his motives. Were I to characterize Professor Sill as a teacher by a single term, I should call him an enthusiast. This expression, however, may imply so much, and be so varied by its applications that it needs explanation. His enthusiasm was not fitful nor aimless. His scholarly habits had put him in thorough possession of his subject, so that he did not talk at random, nor suffer the discussion to wander. With a perception unusually keen, he saw what points should be made, and his tact and skill guided him unerringly to the desired end. His wide reading and close thinking had thoroughly equipped him for every emergency. What a sovereign contempt he had for those teachers whose stock of knowledge scarcely equaled that of their pupils! They were trifling, he would say, with the human soul, one of the most heinous sins a mortal can commit.

That he might be more successful in his chosen profession, he had made a careful study of psychology. He realized that if he would produce the best effect upon the mind, he must necessarily have some knowledge of the character and operations of that which he would mould and fashion. With his trained powers of observation, his keen insight into character, and his familiarity with mental processes, he was enabled to

read his pupils as an open book, and of them it may be truly said they were "as clay in the hands of the potter." This gave him a great advantage in his labors, as he saw even better than the members of his class themselves what and where their impediments were, and he also knew just how to remove these.

His enthusiasm was governed by sympathy and large heartedness. He saw human beings groping in the dark, and he would lift them up to the light. He saw ignorance a breeder of crime and misery, a constant source of expense to the state, and a curse to the individual. Knowledge was the angel who would raise them above the earth and give them a foretaste of heaven. This fact was to him so real and of such vast importance, that it became the central, animating thought of his life as a teacher. It encouraged him in moments of depression, and gave a sweetness and irresistible charm to his enthusiasm. By this phase of his character his pupils were made to long earnestly for that knowledge which would put them in more complete possession of themselves and thus enable them to satisfy a noble ambition.

His enthusiasm was effective because it proceeded from a lofty sense of duty. It was not an enthusiasm assumed for the occasion. With true poetic vision he saw various possibilities in the life of each of his pupils which might develop selfishness and a low ambition, or nobility of character and delicate moral perception. The direction that these growing powers should take was largely confided to him. He must answer for the success or failure of a human being. He keenly felt this responsibility, and it was at times almost overpowering. To a man of blunted perceptions, or to one who is forever peering into a dense fog, these considerations are of little consequence, but to him they were everything. Every lesson had a meaning beyond its literal construction. It was a means to an end. The end he saw clearly, and he saw as clearly how to make each particular exercise conduce to that end. More than this,

he made the end attractive. His pupils were not directed in a line of work by mere didactic methods, or by formal logic, but by sound logic clothed with warm feeling. The judgment was convinced and the heart captured at the same time. Hence his enthusiasm was infectious. Herein lay his greatest power. The time any teacher can devote to his pupils is at most but a small fraction of their lives. His real success will depend upon the hopes he inspires, the aspirations he quickens. He only scatters a few seeds here and there at best; fruition depends upon future cultivation, and this future care Professor Sill's enthusiasm secured. Years have passed since many of his High School pupils have seen him, but they still bear with them, in growing strength, the noble ambition his enthusiasm inspired.

Professor Sill's success as a teacher depended largely upon the high estimate he placed upon education. Growth in knowledge was to him a highway which led to all good. He saw about him an external world, abounding in wonders, resplendent with beauty, sublime in its grandeur—all, the visible expression of an Infinite Being. Nature in all its moods, phases, and forms was a pathway which led to God. The lack of an appreciation of the truths of science or a perverse blindness to the miracles which are daily performed in our presence, indicated, to him, a heart in direct antagonism with the Creator. Knowing that Professor Sill held these views, we may readily understand the basis of his motives and the sources of his ambition.

His paramount interest in humanity was characteristically shown by a remark he made to a friend during an evening call. This friend had been discoursing in eloquent terms upon the beauties and refining influences of the rocks and waterfalls of Yosemite Valley. We listened deeply interested in the poetic descriptions of the enthusiastic narrator and the claims he made for the natural displays of that wonderful region as worthy our study and love; but when he had done Professor Sill remarked: "Do you not think a human being is more worthy our thoughtful solicitude than any inanimate object?"

When he was connected with the High School, much was said at teachers' conventions and by the public press about a "practical education"—an education particularly intended to fit one to acquire wealth. He had only sorrow and contempt for those who earnestly advocated such views. They would place human beings on the plane of mere animals. He believed that if sufficient attention be given to the proper development of the intellectual and spiritual nature, crime and misery and want would largely disappear, and there would be little need for almshouses or institutions to help those who were unable to help themselves. His idea of education was too exalted to consider its source and end as confined to providing the material wants of mankind. He would say let the courses of study, the methods of instruction, and, above all, the *personnel* of the teachers, be such that the child is put in the best possession of his faculties, and his intellectual and spiritual nature awakened to a correct appreciation of his personal worthiness, and there would be no difficulty about his getting on in the world.

With a person possessing a character such as this I have briefly outlined, actuated by the purest motives and inspired by the noblest ideals, deeply impressed with the grandeur of the teacher's calling, absorbed in his labors even to forgetfulness of self, with a zeal untiring and directed by sound judgment, with delicate sympathies and a generous love for humanity—it is unnecessary to say that such a person would be a successful teacher. Professor Sill possessed these qualifications, and besides appreciated their value. He saw his opportunities with the broad vision and keen insight of a poet. He had a poet's ideals and a martyr's conscientiousness in obeying their dictates. Being thus equipped, he was a rare teacher—one whose value is beyond appreciation.

Mr. F. H. Adams read the following paper by Miss M. W. Shinn of the same class:—

The class of the Oakland High School to which I belonged had the good fortune to enter the school at the time Mr. Sill came to it, and to send its graduates to the University just as he went thither. A few of us, therefore, passed our whole preparatory and college course under his teaching. What that most happy and potent teaching was, no one who was not his pupil will ever know. That Mr. Sill was much in the relation of teacher to pupil that he was not in any other relation, I realize when I fall in with some old schoolmate who had scarcely seen him for a dozen years, and never knew him outside the schoolroom, and find response to part of my knowledge of him that I do not find met by his most intimate older friends. I cannot give them that knowledge. But I address also a number of my fellow-pupils; I may at least recall to them something of our common memories of Mr. Sill.

Since his death, circumstances have brought to me a good many expressions of feeling from these fellow-pupils, both of school and college. I have been struck by the unfailing reiteration of two things: "I feel it a deep personal loss;" and "He has profoundly affected my whole life for good." It is surely a very rare thing that a teacher should so remain, a vital and daily force in the lives of young men and women, a permanent object of strong personal affection, after years of separation, at the most eager and changing period of life. Some of those who thus remember him were his pupils for only one year, fifteen years ago. I might try to give some analysis of this great and lasting influence—for Mr. Sill's teaching rested on fixed principles and had definite methods, and many of its effects were the well calculated results of these. But I may not take the time for such an analysis, and, therefore, I must pass by the principles and methods of his teaching, in order to

speak of what I cannot but conclude was yet more potent in it —the uncalculated and unconscious effect of the man himself.

It was not a little thing for children, in their early teens, to be thrown for their chief daily intercourse into the company of a man whose singular honor and purity of spirit, whose eagerness of aspiration, whose uncompromisingly high intellectual standards, so penetrated him, I may literally say body and soul, that they expressed themselves all day long in every word he spoke and every expression of his face. Boys and girls at that age are not altogether unspoiled, but they have much simple good will, and they readily believe in nobility. In their company, such a man as Mr. Sill, to whose ideals of thought and behavior the world of men and women was constantly a shock, and who could not but feel that in that world such ideals would easily seem quixotic—in the company of children, such a man could drop many of his safeguards of reticence, and fearlessly and habitually speak his best feelings. He was nowhere freer from constraint and self-consciousness than in the schoolroom —his consciousness went out absolutely into the flock of children. "How blessed," he wrote to me when I began to teach, "how blessed to lose one's individuality for weeks together in a company of children!—the purest sort of a Nirvana." Day after day, as he moved about the room with this beautiful unconstraint, he would as freely scatter among us his best and finest thoughts. He would break off a warning about a coming examination, to say: "You see the school machinery betrays me into appealing to these lower motives for doing your work; but I strive against being drawn, or letting you be drawn, into any such routine. You should do this in the best way, because it *is* the best, and your whole future life, your eternal destinies, will be affected, according as you live each part of your life, while you are in it, up to the best of your ability." He would put down his book to come around to the front of his desk, lean against it, and say: "You haven't your minds on this;

you think all this learning your conjugations is part of a preliminary exercise you are to be put through, and then you will leave school and begin Life. You don't see that *this* is Life that you are in now, living it well or ill; you are part of the rolling Universe, part of the great web of human life and human destiny; and these conjugations are the particular part of it you are concerned with now." It is surprising, when one sees how life goes outside, to think that any man could so implicitly place his trust in the greatest motives to control the conduct of human beings; he simply would not compromise with any lower ones —would not use our ambition or self-interest of any sort, not even our desire to please him, as stimulus to our work. But intellectual curiosity, and a sense of the fascination of learning, the beauty and resource of the Universe, it was his constant effort to awaken, no less than grave moral motive; and these, too, he awakened partly by well calculated effort, but more by his own love of learning and of beauty, freely expressed before us, and so spontaneously and eagerly that we could not but be more or less carried along with it. The personal vividness and charm of the man enforced all that he said—the transparency of his body to his soul, through eyes and voice and gesture, so that even when he said nothing, the flash of pleasure and sympathy or darkening of disapproval in his face commented all day long on good and evil.

Into every nook and cranny of the day's routine flowed such inspiring suggestiveness—by no means of grave moral import only; often a flash of fancy or gayety, a passing comment that opened up a whole region of thought. I must not linger over instances; but, for my own part, to this day I can in well-nigh every case trace any thought or perception of truth that for the moment seemed to be my own, back to some germ of suggestion dropped in my school days, and hitherto dormant and forgotten.

I must leave many things unsaid and speak of only one

more—the great educating influence that I am sure lay in the warmth of relation between Mr. Sill and his pupils. He had great affection for his classes; he did not talk about it—that would have been unlike him—but he might constantly be seen to glance across the room, meeting the eyes of his young folk, with an unconscious smile of almost parental tenderness coming into his own eyes; his voice and manner constantly expressed to them the same near and warm interest. They were not obtuse to this; they believed at once and with confidence in it, and they appreciated it. He was an exacting teacher—he asked hard things of us; he demanded prompt and absolute obedience; though he encouraged freedom, he never permitted an impertinence; he made no concession to indolence or carelessness; he was searching in rebuke, and held us liable to it for anything whatever that he disapproved, in behavior, motive, or character, in school or out of school; he was often indignant, often severe: but impatient or cold I never saw him in the schoolroom; and his pupils knew perfectly well that he cared very much for them, meant well, and did well, by them, and they responded—there was scarcely an exception in the school of some seventy members that I am able to answer for—with entire trust and admiration. One of them, writing to me of this, quotes a wise and pretty saying: "Young people grow by their admirations," and adds: "How fortunate, then, were we who had Mr. Sill to admire!" It seems to me that admiration for worthy persons and things—admiration not merely of the mind, but warm and loyal—is the most efficient education there is, to intellect and to character. The world's history is a record of its transforming power. Is it not even true that to be educated is simply to get right admirations?

I have spoken chiefly of Mr. Sill in the High School. His relations with students in the University were necessarily much more restricted, more complicated, and more distant. With these older classes, each of which contained not only ardent

and honest souls, but its quota of crude cynicism and self-assertive criticism, he necessarily felt much of the same restraint that the outer world imposed upon him. Yet with courage even heroic in so sensitive a man, he unflinchingly held before his classes, whether they sympathized or did not sympathize, his dearest ideals and best thought. Repeatedly I have heard it said, a few years after graduation: "I never appreciated Professor Sill when I was in college; his teaching was so different from any I had ever had, that I rather despised it, and thought it fanciful; now I see that it was only above me, and it comes back to me and influences my life more than any other teaching I ever had." The constantly recurring phrase of those who speak or write about him now is: "*More and more every year* I feel grateful to him," whether from those who did or those who did not appreciate him at the time.

But, within its restrictions, his influence at the University was the same in spirit and in effect as his earlier teaching, and so far as the relation he held to the students was not that of mere lecturer, but really of teacher, he was what he always was to his pupils—an inspiration morally and intellectually, and personally a wise and dear and patient friend.

Mr. J. C. Scotchler read a letter from Mrs. A. R. Bidwell:—

[Mr. Scotchler said:—"It is my desire before reading this letter to say that it voices the sentiments not only of the writer, but of every member of the class to which we both belonged."]

My Friends:

Since the news of Professor Sill's death came to his old students, we have been living over our memories of him. He came to the Oakland High School when we were just getting our first general ideas of life. His creed was that the most valuable thing in the world is human character, and that helping young, impressionable souls to true living is the highest pos-

sible work one can do. This called for something different from the conventional relation of teacher and pupil. He taught us Rhetoric and Physics, Latin and Greek, but he wished also to teach us self-knowledge, self-control, true insight into life, devotion to the true and beautiful, high aspiration. He read his pupils' characters with keen eyes, and there was no escape from the scrutiny that bared to him their weaknesses, their blunders, conceits, and faults. Nor could they resent his unsparing criticism, since it was only to help them know themselves. His conversation opened up to us all the leading subjects of human thought—art, music, poetry, nature, philosophy, religion, science—and he listened with wonderful kindliness to our own crude ideas. Outside of the class-room he kept us writing, reading, studying under his supervision, and all the results had to pass a criticism that gave no encouragement to vanity. He showed us with what rigor self-discipline must be conducted, and yet he made it seem attractive to us. He was as stern and exacting as he was gentle and kind, and he allowed no compromise with lower ideals. This devoted care he was ready to give to every student in whom he found capacity for work and such intellectual ability as could respond to his requirements; he would take interest in all that affected such an one, mentally, morally, and physically—in his prospects and environment, his past and his future—and this at what expenditure of strength and energy, what sacrifice of his leisure, his home hours, his needed rest!

Many a pupil has found upon his desk some morning a book, or a marked passage, containing some information he sought yesterday, some supplement to his own thought, showing that his peculiar needs were in his teacher's mind over night. Some vacant place on a blackboard would be found filled with a bit of poetry, from Tennyson or Wordsworth perhaps; photographs of Greek and Roman statuary and architecture would appear on the door-casings—and many learned then for the

first time what beautiful forms art had created, and made them a study thereafter.

In the University such intensely personal teaching was manifestly impossible. There were obvious limitations to the intercourse of students and professors. But Professor Sill's influence was more potent and much more lasting there than he ever knew. He never faltered in his devotion to the highest standards in teaching. It is wonderful that in the face of not infrequent apathy, and the struggle for college honors, a man could steadily speak to his classes as if they were composed of the highest human characters, gifted with such fine instinct as that which prompted his own words. There was heroism in his persistent holding up to his classes his most lofty ideals, his finest fancies, and his most sacred convictions. I cannot write adequately of his class-room work in the University. To describe it would be only to eulogize it, and eulogy no one so dreaded as he did. It was in their characters that he wished his pupils to show their appreciation of his labor, not in words. And now we must see that the truth he lived for shall live on in us, and we must feel it our peculiar trust to carry on his work for humanity with such measure of force and wisdom as we may have learned.

Sincerely,

CLARA BIDWELL.

GREENEVILLE, CAL., April, '87.

The following letter was read from President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University :—

MY DEAR SIR :

I have been looking over my letters from Sill, and recalling all that I can of his life, but I find it a very mournful task. He had such a noble spirit, and was so keen and true in all his inner life, that he seems to me to have *chafed* against the lim-

itations and embarrassments to which he was exposed. Such fine porcelain is not the best fitted for the rough and tumble usages of ordinary life. On the other hand, he did not seek for ease or leisure; but his dominant idea was to be useful, to serve his fellow-men in that station of life to which he was called. His letters are constantly asking for information which can be turned to account for the benefit of others: Where can I find out the world's experience in industrial education? What occupations are open to educated girls besides teaching? Who will make a good Professor of History? Is not English experience in education of more value to Americans than German, especially in High School stages? Whom can I write to for information? How ought the Reese income to be expended in the library? Can anybody furnish me with a list of one hundred good books for boys and girls? Another phase of his correspondence is comment upon the aspirations, and especially upon the literary productions, of those whom I had known as students, and more whom (for other reasons) he thought I would be interested in.

Of late I have heard from him less frequently. I hope he was at work on some good theme, and that among his papers will be found that which is ready to be published. Will not his friends in California see to it that at least there is a collection of his poems?

Dear Sill! I grieve at his departure; but he has lighted many a flame in his short life, and so his influence will pass on from one to another, and no one can fix the limit to their radiance.

Yours sincerely,

D. C. Gilman.

Baltimore, April 2, 1887.

AS A PROFESSOR.

Professor Martin Kellogg read the following paper :—

In 1874 Mr. Sill came into the University of California. President Gilman was then at its head, and it was not from a lack of candidates for the vacant chair of English that his choice rested on Mr. Sill. Aside from the excellence of Professor Sill's work in the Oakland High School, his early membership in our Berkeley Club had revealed to President Gilman and others of the Faculty the rare qualities which delighted the Club for so many years.

His University career was in the highest sense successful. The chair to which he was called is one of the most difficult to fill. It requires a wide range of scholarship and a high standard of literary ability. It calls for individual criticism and correction of faulty habits of expression, and this is to some irksome, or even irritating. But the better sort of students, who welcomed helpful suggestions and could appreciate refining influences, found in Professor Sill a charming and inspiring teacher. They liked his plain-spoken truthfulness, his impatience of poor work, his scorn of disingenuousness, his frank commendation of excellence, his literary intimacy with the earnest and choice spirits among his classes. Over some of his pupils he gained an intellectual influence quite remarkable. He recognized and encouraged all honest endeavor. He sympathized with all genuine scholarship, however backward in development, and fostered every worthy aspiration. He called for substance rather than show; yet his own mind was so well poised, his methods were so full of intellectual grace, that his pupils were led to a high regard for a consummate fashioning of speech. His power of just criticism was unexcelled; when unfolding to his classes the merits of English authors, his expositions were luminous and his suggestions inspiring. It is a commonplace among his friends, that many of his pupils

gained from him their first broad outlook, received their first great impulse in the higher ranges of English culture. There was in him a sustained elevation of thought, a poetic delicacy of feeling, a contagious devotion to truth and beauty, which brought "sweetness and light" to not a few who were in the spring-time of their eager lives.

Among his fellow-professors he was not always thoroughly understood, save by his intimate friends. He could be blunt in the expression of his opinions. But his colleagues saw and appreciated his earnest regard for good scholarship and good order, his transparent unselfishness, his fidelity to his conceptions of truth and his standards of duty. They honored him for the fearlessness yoked with his modesty. They felt the quickening of his noble ideals—ideals not for themselves alone, but for the University. He set an example of patient, self-sacrificing work. He sought evidently the best good of the student community. He wanted the University to be fitted for a still higher and more beneficent career of usefulness to the State.

Notwithstanding his engrossing University work, Professor Sill was always ready to respond to calls from without. Especially was he in request for teachers' conventions. He cherished a hearty sympathy for teachers, for he had been in the ranks. He loved to speak to them of the true ideals and the best methods of education. He believed that the most potent influences in molding the young are those which reach them in the earlier years—the years antedating a college life. It was a long-cherished dream of his to establish a school, for the sake of gaining this earlier influence, and he seriously proposed a partnership in such an effort. These sympathies gave him ready access to companies of teachers. In county and State conventions he was heard with great interest; his crisp style, his pointed thoughts, his earnest wisdom, his unaffected elocution, never failed to win attention. In convention debates he was self-possessed and perfectly fearless, always zealous for

the higher values and the spiritual influences of educational work. On all suitable occasions he championed the cause of "the higher education;" a cause ever near and dear to his heart. Some of his addresses were printed, and, like his later articles on education in leading magazines, they are full of wise and weighty thoughts. He had many qualifications for the chair we have often talked about in the University, but have not yet seen established—the chair of Pedagogics.

After all, I am aware that I do not, and cannot, furnish any just impression of Mr. Sill's work as a professor. His idiosyncrasies gave tone and color to the whole; and these were so subtle and ethereal, so potent in their vivacity and energy and nobleness, as to defy adequate representation. His labors were shot through with the charm of a unique and indescribable personality. I can only say of him, in Juvenal's phrase: "*Qualem nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*"—"a character I cannot set forth, but only *feel*." In common with other sorrowing hearts in California I do feel, and can never cease to feel, the impress of his guileless and loving friendship. His influence as an educator is not at an end. He was cut off in the midst of a fruitful manhood, but not a few can affirm that his life was full-orbed in the beauty of its results. To our intellects and to our hearts he has spoken words we shall not willingly let die, so fulfilling his own wish:

"I tried to find, that I might show to them,
Before I go,
The path of purer lives; the light was dim,—
I do not know
If I had found some footprints of the way;
It is too late their wandering feet to stay,
Before I go."

"I would be satisfied if I might tell,
Before I go,
That one warm word,—how I have loved them well,
Could they but know!
And would have gained for them some gleam of good;
Have sought it long; still seek,—if but I could!
Before I go."

AS POET AND PROSE WRITER.

Dr. W. C. Bartlett read the following paper:—

If one sees all that there is in a picture at a glance, it may be assumed that there is not much in it. For any thing really meritorious or great in art will slowly grow in the appreciative judgment of the observer. Defects may indeed appear upon the surface. But beyond the mere paint and the canvas, beyond the form which the sculptor cuts in the stone, there is the underlying character, the subtlety of art, its inspiration, its power of gradual interpretation. A really great work becomes in some sense a source of perpetual revelation. If we are dissatisfied with it at first, it will bring us back again, and possibly many times; and always with a sense of new discovery. More and more, we shall come to see the hand of the master—his faith, his patience, his touch, the height and depth of his conception, his motive, and finally, all those qualities and idiosyncracies with which he has stamped his work. If we make none of these discoveries, either our eyes are holden or rudimentary, that we do not see, or there was really nothing but barren surface to be seen.

What is true in this respect of art, is true of men. There are some whose lives are so upon the surface, so smooth and round, and unctuous withal, that an acquaintance of an hour suffices. We shall never know much more of them, because there is not much more to be known. The veneering and the varnish invite to no future discoveries. More than once it has fallen within the range of our experience to know one more fully after he had passed away than when he was walking or working in daily companionship with us. He grows after death. His best work savors of immortality. We have been constantly finding him out as it were, here and there, a little at a time—getting a glimpse now of him in his broader manhood, then, perhaps, as the clear and incisive thinker; now

as the man who scorns all the tricks by which mere temporary popularity is won. Then as the prose writer, whose vigorous thought was in every sentence; and again, perhaps, as the poet, brooding often in silence, and finally bubbling over in song as a thrush in the thicket. And so, with a chastened and clarified vision, we take up these fractional estimates, and putting them all together, the unit of expression is large. The many-sided man, scholarly, versatile, rounds up into symmetry of proportion. His angularities are softened. More distance helps the perspective. He is greater than we thought. His speech is recalled with new and broader meanings. The singer and the sayer—the best part of the man lives in his thoughts, his personality in the very manner of expressing his thoughts.

All this is worthy to be said of our departed friend. He knew the art of writing in prose that did not suggest art; just as the art of the painter does not suggest mere pigment and brushes. His vocabulary was rich in good Saxon words. He had dug about the roots of his mother tongue, and knew all its branches. There was great wealth there for him. He chastened the affluence of his speech because of his critical judgment. He chose just enough words to express his meaning clearly, and was content therewith. It would be hard to find a place in his prose composition where a word could be dropped out and a better one supplied. He had in this respect intellectual honesty. It culminated in force, directness, power of statement, with the grace and flexibility which could be employed for the nicer shading of a thought.

His translation from the German of "Mozart [Rau], a Biographical Romance," must have been a work of love. In the English dress which he gave it twenty years ago, although there was no room for original composition, there is the fine play and ripple of speech, the gracious setting of words, and everywhere the touch and tone of good literary art. He thought, with many others, that the essay was the best form for

the expression of modern thought. It brings the thinker and the writer into an open field. There are few limitations. He will browse, without hindrance, in large pastures. It is there, more than elsewhere, that the thought coming as an inspiration will have its finest setting. Mr. Sill was at home there. He liked room for the play of wit and fancy—for great truths dug from old foundations, and for bubbles lighter than air. Beside his graver essays contributed to the leading magazines of the country, by some secret telepathy, his more intimate friends came to know that for many months his hand was in the Contributors' Club of the "Atlantic Monthly." It was the voice of one afar off, and yet wondrously near. There were mirth and music, the chastened liberty of wise speech, bits of brilliant talk, the brimming over of great intellectual wealth in the very by-play of his fancy. He had found a nook in the garden that suited him. He went in as one of the elect, and there was high and large fellowship with all kindred souls, both near and afar.

The same year in which he brought out his translation of the German Biographical Romance of Mozart (1868) he sent to press the "Hermitage," his first volume of poems. He was not much more than twenty-five years old. At that age few young men have accomplished anything in literature—nothing of lasting remembrance. The young man had gone well towards the front. There was none of his age who had advanced beyond him. The early college promise had been more than redeemed. Here were two books that deserved to live. They are alive now, and are entitled to rank among the choice literature of the day. Perhaps they may yet appear in new editions. These early volumes did not much expand his purse, but they won for him literary recognition—reputation—a standing in the guild of letters, of more value than money. Had he thenceforth devoted his life to authorship, I think the promise of twenty-five in that respect would have been made

good at forty-five. While it was not in him to appeal strongly to the multitude, there was that in him—his large reserves—the hiding of his power—which would have won for him a national reputation. If he fell short of that it was by his own election. He turned to other pursuits, not, perhaps, without the conviction that if the poet would live by his verses, he must learn to live on angels' food. It is a lovely diet, but it is hard to get accustomed to it in this world. The scene of "The Hermitage" is laid in part about this Bay. The poet comes to a new land—

> The land where summers never cease,
> Their sunny psalm of light and peace;
> Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
> Has drifted down in dust of gold;
> Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
> Leave ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

It is a song in many moods—a song of life and love, of light and shadow, interwoven with bits of finest description. His eye took in whatever glory there was on the land or on the sea. He had the color-sense of the painter. Indeed, poet and painter are one, with only different modes of expression, and it matters little whether the song flows on to canvas, or flows in rhythmic lines from the pen. In what four lines could the shore be etched in more completely than in these?

> Beyond, long curves of little shallow waves
> Creep, tremulous with ripples, to the shore,
> Till the whole bay seems slowly sliding in,
> With edge of snow that melts against the sand.

Years afterward he wrote of his home near by—

> There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
> Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
> And touches its still face most tenderly.

Among his early poems is one—"April in Oakland"—the city more than any other where his heart and his treasures were:

Was there last night a snow-storm?
So thick the orchards stand
With drift on drift of blossom-flakes,
Whitening all the land.

Amid the dreariness of an Eastern winter he sings—

Ah, give me back the clime I know,
Where all the year geraniums blow,
And hyacinth buds bloom white for snow.

These lines are not quoted as the best in his early poems, but rather for the local interest which they may have. Perhaps of all the single pieces in "The Hermitage," the best sustained poem is that on "The Dead President." It is the requiem for a martyr in the high and holy key of martyrdom—

Be merciful, O God!
Forgive the meanness of our hearts,
That never, till a noble soul departs,
See half the worth, or hear the angel's wings
Till they go rustling heavenward as he springs
Up from the mounded sod.

Whether in prose or poetry, he always rose to the height of the occasion, uttering the thing most fitting for time and place. He struck no false note and wrote no unwholesome lines. His purity of language went well with the purity of his thought. Whatever distressing doubts came to him at times, he had the spiritual conceptions of a reverent and devout soul. Never was there a great poet or a great painter who did not see God, —did not feel Him in the Divine breath passing over the soul.

Fifteen years after the publication of "The Hermitage," our friend collected and published a small volume of verses which bore the title of "The Venus of Milo and Other Poems." He had been growing in all these years. The wine of his life had

become clear and rich. For classic grace, beauty of conception, and sustained sweep, he is seen here at his best. He could not have written such a poem at twenty-five, and he would not have written "The Hermitage" at forty-five. He will not be won by any sensuous love of the Venus. She may keep her train of worshipers, while his love of the beautiful shall "burn to light ash the earthlier desire"—

> And something when my heart the darkness stills
> Shall tell me, without sound or any sight,
> That other footsteps are upon these hills;
> Till the dim earth is luminous with the light
> Of the white dawn, from some far-hidden shore,
> That shines upon thy forehead evermore.

There is a tender dissatisfaction in these lines—

> Old Earth, how beautiful thou art!
> Save for some trouble, half-confessed,
> Some least misgiving, all my heart
> With such a world were satisfied.

The grandest sermon that has been uttered in rhythmic lines in the last half-century, is in the poem which closes this latest volume, "The Fool's Prayer." Not many fugitive poems have been more widely read. It has in it the voice of the prophet and the priest. It turns the footstool of the king into a confessional. It abases and lifts up the fool into the holier atmosphere of humiliation, penitence, and prayer. It convicts the scoffing king and sends him away murmuring,

> "Be merciful to me, a fool."

It is a ritual fit not only for fools and kings, but for that large class who, being neither fools nor kings, prefer the ignoble and scoffing jest to any reverent expression for a faith that can save the world. Just over the boundary where the footfall is not heard, there comes as a living voice:

The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

We cannot so much as touch other points of interest. If the shy, sensitive poet was sometimes found walking apart from others, it was because, with such a temperament, he could not take the wider world into his fellowship. The poet and scholar cannot have a universal kinship. He will be nearer to those of his own tastes and sympathies. But for those who knew him, he needed no interpreter. He was a white soul, walking in his steadfast integrity, and his eyes were anointed to see the sweetness, beauty, and grace of the world. Too soon for this world, but not too soon for him, were his own prophetic lines fulfilled—

O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into the infinite love will lead thee home.

The following letters were read:—

My Dear Sir:

I have recently lost the use of my eyes, and can only reply to your request in the briefest words. It is a grief to me that I cannot do more; but I have not learned to think through other people's hands. But what could I say that would add to the knowledge of those who know him in his own home? The death of Professor Sill is a great loss to American literature, but it is a greater to those who had the privilege of his friendship. His soul was as rare as a rose-colored star. Had he

lived, he would have done his best work in the next ten years. Tell his friends in California how warmly I have heard him speak of them, and that my thoughts will be with them at the memorial meeting for his sake.

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

ANDOVER, MASS., April 5, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

I am very much obliged to you for giving me the privilege of paying a tribute to the memory of Professor E. R. Sill. I enclose with this a brief poem, which I beg that you or some other gentleman of the Club will read on the occasion mentioned in your note.

Yours very truly,

T. B. ALDRICH.

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, April 2, 1887.

In Memoriam.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, DIED FEBRUARY 27, 1887.

I held his letter in my hand,
And even while I read
The lightning flashed across the land
The word that he was dead.

How strange it seemed! His living voice
Was speaking from the page
Those courteous phrases, tersely choice,
Light-hearted, witty, sage.

I wondered what it was that died!
The man himself was here,
His modesty, his scholar's pride,
His soul serene and clear.

These neither death nor time shall dim,
Still this sad thing must be—
Henceforth I may not speak to him,
Though he can speak to me!

My Dear Sir :

It is only within a few weeks that I came to know Professor Sill personally; this was on his last visit to New York. But for some time I have corresponded with him and have been among those who regarded him as one of the strongest writers in contemporaneous literature. It was his poetry that especially attracted and impressed me. I do not think it is generally understood that he wrote over more than one name. He would have been better known to the public if he had concentrated himself from the first upon a single pen-name, but he would have been not the more a poet of unmistakable vocation. His sudden death, in the very prime of his faculties, is an immeasurable loss. It was not long ago that I was urging him to devote himself more fully to poetical writing—feeling that the country has need of poets such as he was and such as he promised to be—and now it is all over.

I sincerely hope that a full edition of his poems will be soon issued. They have an imagination, a vitality, an ideality that distinguish them from the half-felt, perishable verse of accomplished but insincere writers.

Respectfully yours,

R. W. Gilder.

Editorial Department The Century Magazine, March 31, 1887.

My Dear Sir :

I remember your name, through Sill, very well and in a way that makes it a pleasure to meet your wishes in any way I can.

As to the future of what writings our friend left, all I know is that the editor of the *Atlantic* has written me that before Sill's death there had been some correspondence with the publishers of that magazine regarding collecting a volume of Sill's contributions; and that Mrs. Sill has written to Fuller

that before her husband took that last journey to Cleveland he arranged all his papers.

You will care to know that Mr. Aldrich (the editor of the *Atlantic*) further wrote me, regarding Sill: "I intend to have a tribute to his memory in the number of the *Atlantic* now in hand. I consider Sill a great loss to American literature, and my personal loss touches me nearly, for I had learned to love the man for his simplicity, his wisdom, and many other qualities that are not common. He was a rare man."

Mr. Aldrich enclosed me a list of Sill's contributions, mainly to the "Contributor's Club," which contains about eighty titles. I promptly wrote him that I hoped Sill's death would not prevent the publication of the proposed volume. At the same time, I fear that he left no materials for a book sufficiently consecutive and integrated to secure public attention. My saying this will, perhaps, indicate that my judgment of the work is not biased by my love for the man. I have had considerable experience in judging such work in cold blood, and I think my judgment is as cool as it ever was when I believe that Sill had grown into the power to do something of as much consequence as anything any American has yet done, and that his death was one of those terrible wastes which sometimes make the system of things appear absurd. Well as you appreciated him when you knew him, you would find it hard to realize his growth in these later years. It simply amounted to a revolution. He had come to realize the true function of his splendid imagination—that its place, after all, must be subordinate and ancillary to his judgment. He had deeply studied things *as they are*, and begun to build his system from the ground up, instead of from the clouds down. His later work shows this very forcibly. But it cannot so well show the wonderful progress which such habits of thought had worked in his temperament, especially in his feelings toward his fellow-men. Although he always loved them in the abstract, he began by

hating them, with few exceptions, in the concrete. The "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*" of another poet, used to be, to a marked degree, his feeling. When he was in New York, a few weeks before his death, all this had become wonderfully changed. He was at a hotel on Fifth avenue. He told me that he had come for needed rest after caring for sick friends.

I said, astonished: "Why, some years ago, you told me that the rush of life in New York actually made you physically ill; and you gave that as your reason for hurrying through here once without even coming to see me."

He answered: "Yes, it used to be so. I was thoroughly morbid. I understand it all now. But I've outgrown it. I don't want any better recreation now than to sit here and watch the stream of life go by."

Many other things united with this to satisfy me that he had at last become a real citizen of this world, instead of trying to live in worlds that he tried to make for himself. He was at length as well equipped with true sympathy and insight for work in our actual life, as he had always been with imagination and reasoning power.

That he did not live to use these great and well-matured resources to their full possibilities, is a loss to the world. Only a few of us will ever know how great a loss it is. We must get what compensation we can, and it is an immense one, in realizing that we have had more, after all, than ever could have been the average share of influence from one of the strongest and truest and loveliest of souls.

Believe me faithfully yours,

HENRY HOLT.

NEW YORK, April 6, '87.

Dr. B. P. Wall read a poem by Ina D. Coolbrith :—

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Bay and cypress bring we here
For a poet on his bier.

Laurel for the songs he sung,
Cypress for the harps unstrung
Ere life's deepest deep was stirred
And the fullest chord was heard.

All too soon the music dumb,
All too soon the Silence come.

Yet among the crowned throng
In the realms of deathless song,
Through her late born minstrelsies,
Rings no truer tone than his.

In the land he loved so well
Green his memory will dwell
As the spring-sown leafage spread
O'er the hills he used to tread,
Watching, through the Golden Gate,
Golden sunsets lingering late.

Leave the world his name and fame,—
Ours is yet a dearer claim.

Leave the world the Poet's art,—
Ours the soul's diviner part:
All its treasures manifold,
All the Man's unsullied gold,
We who knew him first and best,
Last will hold, and tenderest.

Bay and cypress leave we here,
Poet,—friend,—upon thy bier.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

SACRAMENTO, *April*, 1862.

Arrived — so soon — safe and well — ought n't I to be thankful, after such a voyage? We landed in San Francisco last week Tuesday, March 25. . . . The life at sea just suited me — giving me a sound digestion, a deliciously pure atmosphere . . . to see the stars through, and that utter *seclusion* which has always been my longing — secure, too, from any haunting restlessness to be *doing* something — that relentless feeling, you know, which is always jogging your elbow whenever you get fixed comfortably in a selfish, idle seclusion, whispering, "Get up and go to work! fellow-men — fellow-men — go to work — go to work!" But out there I *could n't* do anything, nor have anything to do with anybody, if I tried — so I took my ease with a good conscience. Well, we had a good time, and it did us good — is n't that a pretty satisfactory report? . . . We got off as you know Dec. 9, into a fog bank — out of which came forth a roaring gale, which did make us sea-sick — oh, it *did*. . . . The Atlantic was pretty rough a good part of the time, but the Pacific was glorious. A perfect place to eat Lotus — De Quincey would have gone down there to take his opium if he had known of it. From lat. 40° South up to 10° or so North, it was just the most delightful sailing you can imagine. Steady wind all the time — just strong enough to send us along six or eight miles an hour — day and night — the sea of the most beautiful blue color, and just pleasantly broken into little waves all the time, but nothing more — no rolling to the ship — no rain except a gentle shower occasionally — the temperature perfect, abso-

lutely — and *such* blue sky ! Such stars ! Such moonlight ! If a man were not immortal, I know the life for him — on one of the thousand islands which strew the Pacific, with a beautiful woman, a library (discarding what would make him think too much), a piano and an organ, surrounded by the fruits and flowers, "larger constellations burning, etc." — Tennyson had the dream — Well, *being* immortal, sailing *through* the enchanted land is all that would be safe — and *so* much was truly delightful without being dangerous.

Well, as I said, we got in last week — were disappointed in California's first appearance. Swore an oath at the expiration of the first day's travelling around San Francisco, not to make "this people *our* people, nor their God our God" — for their God is money. Yet I have liked it better every day, so far — but could not live here long — no culture, no thought, no art. My town here (as I call it in distinction from S——'s town, San F.) is at present a dismantled wreck, by the floods of the winter — people still go about in boats instead of buggies.— It 's a sort of muddy Venice, with little wooden houses instead of the "Palace and the Prison on either hand." . . .

F—— K—— writes that you are class poet. I am very glad. . . . I hope you will do a better thing than I did — something that will have a good influence. Don't say anything you are not *sure* is true — for there is enough *certain* truth.

***

July, 1862.

As for me, I have come to it finally, like all the rest of 'em — I am to study law. And what a lawyer I shall make ! I suppose I am one of the first, though, who ever determined on *that* profession for the benefit it would be to himself spiritually. Yet that 's my crotchet. We are (some people don't seem to be — but you and I and a few of us certainly are) planted down in the midst of a great snarl and tangle of interrogation points.

We want to find — we *must* find — some fixed truth. Either we are wrong and the vast majority of thinkers right, or they are wrong and *we* right — and that, too, not on one point, but a thousand — points of the vastest scope and importance. As Kingsley puts it, we are set down before that greatest world-problem — "Given Self, to find God." So, considering that for such tasks the mind needs every preparation, skill and practice in drawing close distinctions, subtileness in detecting sophistry, strength and patience to work at a train of thought continuously long enough to follow its consequences *clear out*, and some systematized memory (if for nothing but holding and duly furnishing your own thoughts when needed) — I say, seeing no better — or rather, no *other* — way to gain these but by entering the law, thitherwards I have set my face. . . . I have sifted it all down to this conclusion — that in teaching, or in Literature, or even in following up some chosen science, (much less some chosen art, as Poetry,) the mind would not get fitted for that serious work which is before it. In them, it might become cultivated, stored with knowledge, in some sense developed — but not *disciplined*. Now just take that one question alone — Is Christianity true? What impudence it would be in us to consider that *settled* in the negative, until we felt that our intellects were as strong, as capable of close, protracted reasoning, as little liable to be misled by sophistry, as all those greatest men who have time after time settled it for themselves in the affirmative. I for my part can see no way in which I can at the same time earn a living, and get the *active Powers* of my mind thoroughly disciplined, except by studying law. . . .

The only thing I have been afraid of, about you, (as I have thought about you out here,) is lest, having the means to choose freely, you should decide upon some course which would give your mind mere culture, or expansion (balloon-wise), without sterner strength. Lest, led by the sweet voices of literature, or art, or speculative metaphysics, you should frequent the bath-

rooms of the mental gymnasia, with their olive-oils, and perfumed anointings, and the Falernian, more than the sandy out-house where they hurl the discus, and the boxers buffet each other's stout ribs.

***

Feb., '64.

I have always a solemn sort of mood upon me in closing a letter to you — I here and you there — the wide earth between us — the little earth — for do we not talk across it? The feeling always comes of our being actors in a mystery — children, whom their elders arrange in a tableau which they do not understand — they only have a strange sense of dim light, and hush, and a hidden meaning, and so take their attitudes as they best can.

***

Mch., '64.

Next month I am going to "move" — shall quit the Post Office, and go up to a little town some 20 miles North of Sac. — Folsom — (*Foolsom* — in the barbarous dialect of the natives here — I don't know but the name is a fearful augury of my wisdom in going there.) Goes I there into a Bank — changing my delightful employment of peddling postage stamps (*stomps* — they call 'em here) for that of buying gold dust from Mexicans, Digger Indians, and Chinamen, who are all great at the "surface-mining" in that vicinity.

California (so far as that means the natural and not the human aspect thereof) is inexpressibly beautiful just now. The trees are all just "out," in their Spring vesture — the fields full of flowers — nobody has any right to talk about fields *carpeted* with flowers, till he has seen them here, (or, I suppose, in the still more Tropical climates.) Great gorgeous fellows, you know — like all the conservatories you ever saw broken loose and romping over the wild plains here, exulting and irrepressi-

ble. And not only these superb sorts, but come to stoop down and look closer you find multitudes of the least wee blossoms — little stars, scarcely bigger than a pin's head, blue, and pure white, perfect as gems.— Only so for a couple of months or three months — then the parching, rainless summer bakes the ground, and browns the dry grass to a monotonous tint that makes one hot and thirsty even to look at it.

And as with the vegetation, so with the children born here. . . . Little human blossoms, such as one rarely sees in the cold, Atlantic states. Mites of girls, with complexions, like porcelain which you look at the light through — and soft, beautiful eyes — And little boys, fair and delicate as girls — bright and gentle, but so fragile looking that it seems as though to speak suddenly to them would shock them out of existence. They come around to my Post Office windows, toddling bits of creatures, asking for letters as sedate and grave as old men — and trotting off with them in their little hands, the letter almost as big as the sprite that carries it. — Whereat the clerk, Sill, pokes his head contemplatively through the window, and marvels at the climate which produces such things.

***

Folsom, *June*, '64.

Business, as you know, I do not mightily enjoy. And here I am confined in the office from 6½ mornings, to ditto ditto at night. The evening, aye, being hallowed and glorified by a piano, a good little library, and the conversation of people who et illi in Arcadia — i. e., have been to Yale (the caput familias at least has) or caught its spirit hereditarily. . . .

There is one thing in my circumstances here which you will rejoice mecum at — I am no longer wholly divorced from music. I play the little hewgag in church, and get bites and sips at other music, from the piano. I suppose you have never known so complete a starvation from music as I have endured the last

two years until now. Next to losing all love, it seems to me the greatest privation man is capable of suffering.

***

No time to write now — I 'm standing at my desk, with the appurtenances of business hanging around me, like the shackles on a demd slave, the pen only caught from behind its accustomed nook, the ear, for a mere parenthesis of talk to you. I think if I could get away from counters and desks, into the woods somewhere, after my last 3 years' experience, I would be glad to do it — I wonder if somewhere in Maine there is not a cabin, deserted of its last hermit, under some big trees, with a cliff hanging over it, and a stream to catch one's daily meat out of — If so, it was built for me.

***

July, '64.

What I long after is a little leisure, either daily, weekly, or at least tri-yearly.— Do you get any? and what do you do with it?— How the world steals from us all that is valuable — our own time. It does seem abnormal that a human being for the poor privilege of *living* at all, should be obliged to give up all that makes (or might make — yes *does* make for thousands — I take back the foolish growl) life worth maintaining.

***

I believe you say right about the comparative need of good women.— My dippings into Physiology etc. and *Biography* convince me that it is through the female that the race is kept up — merely generatively speaking. I mean — the male merely vivifies — It is the woman that is reproduced — In training a girl we are directing the course of all posterity in that line. We

are not making an isolated statue, but a *mould*, for the moulding of many.

There it is that every indentation and line tells toward "that serene result of all."

***

Aug. last, '64.

I am working very hard just now — at what (I never can shake off the feeling — the conviction —) is unprofitable labor — mere business.

How much weariness, etc., one can stand though, when it is known to be for a limited time. . . . Have n't you often been newly startled at the sudden realization of how much man owes to Hope?

My great comfort is that man can't take his learning or his culture out of this life with him — Death pushes back everything from the gate except the naked soul.— Hence it don't much matter that one can't study, and know this or that.

***

. . . I've been reading Theology lately.— You spoke of the legion of things which claim our attention — verily, verily. But moral philosophy stands first — then metaphysics — then down, to medicine, literature, sociology, καλology, history, etc.— I keep a little fountain babbling and plashing in my brain, by reading, nearly every day, a word of Tennyson or Browning (Mrs. I mean) or Ruskin or Bible or somebody — I would like to take your arm and start on a trip through moral philosophy, by evenings. . . .

I want to learn the organ when I come East. What will it cost me, besides time? It is in me if I do not get too old before it can come out.

***

Aug. '65.

People think that a thinking man's speculations about religion etc. interfere with his daily life very little — but how certain conclusions do take the shine out of one's existence! These Spencer chaps may be very excellent — but to me there is an apple of Sodom smack about it all — Little pigmies — what kind of babbling is this for worm-meat to emit? "For man" (not even with a capital m) "is not as God"— And I more than suspect that the said worms lick their chops over the brain, as over the common tidbits of the grave.

***

Nov. '65.

You don't any longer need to tell me to enlarge my heart towards people. . . . Don't you know that I am superintendent of a Sunday School, and love the small people so that I could almost find it in me to stay here, and rot to death, to lead them a few steps higher than they can go by themselves. . . . And that I ache with hunger to see the faces of my Beloveds, scattered and kept away even from my hope by those three beldames who sit aloft and spin — Well, thank the Lord, I believe in a power behind them, who marks out the pattern of the woof, though they do weave it of iron wire sometimes.

***

Oakland, *June* '66.

The more I write the less satisfied I am with any of my doings in poetry — verily, art is different from handicraft as Grimm says — only the perfect works ought to be given to the public — a bad boot or a tolerable article of cloth may be worth offering for sale — but when it comes to offering tolerable art — after Tennyson and the Brownings — 'twon't do — a poor devil ought to be hung for doing it — unless he be very poor, when

his punishment might be commuted into imprisonment for life with only Tupper and the Country Parson for food and drink — in the way of stale toast or so.

I'm reading Marx's Musical Composition. Ever read it? . . .

You ask . . . what I — we — want to do when we get on there. . . . I can't tell at all till I have got there, found how my health is going to be, how much chance of literary success there is for me, how much of musical. . . .

I can't ever preach — that has slowly settled itself in spite of my reluctant hanging on to the doubt — I can't solve the problems — only the great schoolmaster Death will ever take me through these higher mathematics of the religious principia — this side of his schooling, in these primary grades, I never can preach. — I shall teach school, I suppose.

***

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *Apr.* 1867.

I am enjoying my opportunities here hugely. They give me books and let me alone — what more could a man ask? Besides some good lectures outside — Agassiz, etc. I went to a sacred concert last Sunday night in Music Hall. It was very fine — I don't know that I ever enjoyed music so much. Did n't hear the great organ though, so I am going over to hear that in an orchestral concert this P.M. Sunday night there was glorious orchestra music, and Arbuckle had a cornet arrangement of Adelaide with orchestra which nearly drew my heart out of my body. I have always raved about that song, but never heard it perfectly given before. What a splendor brass is when exquisitely played — How it winds and winds into one's very Ego, and tangles itself up with the emotions and passions and soars up with them. The wood sings all *around* one — the strings wail and implore *to* us — but the brass enters in and carries one off bodily. Do you concur? I want to hear that great

organ — it was music only to look at it — a great, dark, shadowy cathedral looming up at the end of the immense Hall — Apollo Belvidere up in a niche opposite, looking scornful, as if to say that all that solemn, shadowy, bitter-sweet music — the heart-broken triumph — the fire of tears — is poor by the side of his memories of the Greek health and energy, and music that was sunshine dissolved in wine — But one looks back to the statue of the Master in front of the organ, and thinks the man is truer than the false god.

Delightful spring weather — trees coming out — grass green. Nature is all under good subjection though about here — not even a Tutor's Lane to refresh the wild part of a man.

Wisconsin gone for Woman's Suffrage! . . . It's gay, is n't it — Massachusetts must hang her head and be second chop hereafter.

***

Cuyahoga Falls, *Aug.*, '67.

I have determined not to return to Cambridge. There could be no pulpit for me after going through there (except as an independent self-supported minister, which of course is open to any one with a purse. . . . I came reluctantly to that conclusion. Another person, even with my opinions in Theology, might have judged differently. . . . It is no sentimentalism with me — it is simply a solemn conviction that a man must speak the truth as fast and as far as he knows it — truth to *him* — I may be in error — but what I *believe* is my sacred truth, and must not be diluted. . . . When I get money enough to live on I mean to preach religion as I believe in it. Emerson could not preach, and now I understand why.

So, the alternatives.

School-teaching always has stood first. No decent salaries in this country. No freedom to follow my own way. No position available so far as I know. Hence, California . . .

Ergo, some other business for the present, in this country. . . . N. Y. as giving best salary, and society, and climate.

***

BROOKLYN, *Nov.* '67.

I came to N. Y. something over two months ago. . . . Found nothing better than helping edit a one-horse paper. Did it six weeks. Did n't suit, and was n't suited, and quit. Am now translating a German romance. . . . It will take me six weeks or more. . . .

What a horrid bilk New York is, speaking of bilks. And the way they brag here — Lord John of the East — you 'd think there was no other centre, and very little if any circumference. Fact is, they have so little conception here of the things there are to be known, that they easily believe they know it all. A man who never sees a tree, or a blade of grass, or a bit of sky, or stops still long enough to look down into another human being's eyes, — of course has no interrogation points awakened in him. He has learned to know the streets of the city — which he remembers being ignorant of when he came here — and he has learned the cheap conventionalities, which he blushed not to know, once — and there 's nothing else to learn, is there? So he knows it all, does n't he? and how he swells up and swaggers on the strength of it! . . . I don't think a man needs any further provocation to cut his throat in simple moral nausea, than to walk up Broadway, and then down it on the other side, after he has got sufficiently used to the rattlety-bang to have his eyes about him, so as to examine the faces, expressions, of feature, gait, gesture, etc. . . .

***

CUYAHOGA FALLS, *June*, 1868.

When a man is actually living, he and Nature laying their heads together, and *things* occupying whole days, all this use of

symbols of things — words — becomes a sort of mouldy amusement, and my portfolio goes to sleep when I get into real out-door life. I never got so near to Nature as this year — that is, to homely Nature — not the sublime. I mean to the good old mother Nature of gardens and plowed fields and river and tame wood — the mistress sort of Nature I have had more to do with at some past times.

So I have not written any poetry lately, but have had some real satisfactory thinks and good useful times. What fun it is to see one's muscle swelling up a little from pushing a plane and handling spade and hoe, and to feel one's backbone stiffening up as by deposits of grit along the vertebræ. And what a wholesome thing it is to plant one's foundation on the ground under an apple tree, and soberly think — while digging up the sod with a dull jack knife — how life is a pretty fair genial thing after all, and how happiness evidently is n't the only thing the gods consider good for man; and how thoroughly it pays to try to keep healthy like the apple trees and the beasties and winds and soil — and kick pleasures to the Devil, and be sturdy and real.

Of course one gets peevish and sentimental and sour and all other bad traits on him at times afterward, but he can look back for weeks to one thorough-going sensible forenoon, and bolster himself thereby. . . .

It is a thousand pities that such fellows as you and I should n't be able to earn a decent living at some employment which would n't grind dreadfully. But what the Lord wants us to learn, I begin to suspect, *is* to grind — and that in the dreadfullest manner. . . .

The fact is, we ought to have learned some one practical disagreeable trade — not profession, for it is better to be honest — (the laws of the Universe being as they are) . . . and we ought to have pitched into it as other people do — but this fair witch of poetry trips a man up.

You say you 've got a dead book — So have I — Jolly, aint it? I 'm content over mine, though, and was long ago. If my shoe-making does n't suit, the shoes must lie on the shelf till I learn the trade better — that 's all.

***

Cuyahoga Falls, *Sept.*, '69.

I have commenced my school. Been running a week. "Central High School." 120 scholars. 2 lady ass'ts. Latin, Greek, Astronomy, Music, Philosophy, Physical Geog., Chemistry, etc., tapering down to infantry, under the ass'ts fresh from the swaddling clothes of the Intermediate and Primary Schools. I am "superintendent of schools," so my cares are many, as there are 4 primaries besides my own big school. So *that's* "what I am going to do next." . . .

If ——, or any other very near-sighted scum-skimmer gives me any dabs that are good for anything to me, send me a copy, please. But otherwise, abuse is a mere nurse of unprofitable egotism. I don't mean to care whether any one thinks I can write well or ill, so long as I can teach a good school. . . .

I am very busy, as I said. Plenty of time to have *thoughts* of my friends, as you know in your own case.

***

Dec., '69.

More to do every day and night than I can find minutes and spinal column for. Comfortably off enough except for a thousand subjects to investigate and questions to be settled and no hour for them. I am forced to be occupied with details . . . yet chafed at the unsettled state of these confounded general principles.

. . . Well, I suppose 't is a good deal illusion, these fine ideas

of what we 'd do if something was n't just as it is. Blessed is he that wants things to be as he has 'em. But where is the man?

***

Jan., '70.

I 'm not fitting very fast to be good in any one department of teaching. I am scattered all over my school here, and with 128 scholars, and all manner of branches . . . you see how good a chance I have to be anything in particular . . . getting my lessons for each day ahead, and not making any very profitable acquisitions, except perhaps about boy and girl nature in general.

I would like to have a window opened through which I might get a draft of fresh communion with the lives of you folks there. . . . Strange that on such a great planet, alive with us, our thoughts and loves and sympathies should just cluster a half-dozen here and a half-dozen there, and count all the "world," so far as we care, on our fingers.

I suppose we are reading the same telegraphic news, every day, and hearing the same topics talked, and the wives are playing the identical pieces on the pretty-much-identical pianos (only ours is out of tune at present) and so on. . . .

Wherever I am, and however, I mean to try to do and be certain things (especially the doing; for I find, looking at my life a week at a time, that has been the core, nowadays) but the where and how I leave till the last minute. So I know I am to be here till July next, and beyond that I don't look, except that your words about Oakland bring to mind vividly that 't would be very pleasant to *be* there.

***

June, 1870.

Once in a while there seems to come a sort of eddy in the rush of my thoughts about my school, which leaves me to think

of things in general, the future, etc. Such an one appears to have come this Sunday morning, perhaps in compensation for a night full of feverish dreams about classes and plans for scholars. And my eyes turn, first thing, of course, out your way; and the question is, can I manage it to come there? . . .

I wish, if you get time to write me "so large a letter with your own hand" as I hope, you would put in a word or two on your religious status nowadays. We have both been thinking, reading, etc., since a word has been said. For my part I long to "fall in" with somebody. This picket duty is monotonous. I hanker after a shoulder on this side and the other. I can't agree in belief (or expressed belief — Lord knows what the villains really think, at home) with the "Christian" people, nor in spirit with the Radicals etc. . . . Many, here and there, must be living the right way, doing their best, hearty souls, and I'd like to go round the world for the next year and take tea with them in succession. Would n't you?

***

Dec., 1870.

If I were to commence any prose, for sample, I believe I would take up and recount the things that befell a man who had been so unfortunate as to inspire his friends, early in life, with great expectations of him. What woes it caused him and them, when they repeatedly touched him off as a rocket, and he infallibly came down like the stick. I suppose that if taken young and trained right I might have made a writer; but the training has certainly been wanting. I have got myself, by dint of nearly killing labor, into the shape of an almost tolerable schoolmaster, but higher than that I never shall get, till the resurrection.

***

[TO PUPILS: 1874-1883.]

***

Then, too, even if we should decide on service as the principal thing, the question arises: of what sort? Shall it be like the washing of the feet, or the dying on the cross? That is,— the small common helpfulnesses and services chiefly, or some special great absorbing service. Shall we let our lives run along in apparent insignificance, in channels others dig for them — mere irrigating trenches — or cut their own channel, under guidance of some idea of our own — great if possible, good certainly, and at least our own. . . . Somebody wrote to me: "Why don't you stop trying to make something of other people, and make something of yourself?" Which will *you* do? They are hardly compatible. Supposing the same amount of good to others from either way, is there not an additional grain of good in the greater abnegation of self involved in the washing the feet theory?

May one not look at it in this way: to be all we might includes "character" as perhaps its highest part (considered in the light of immortality, as security for gains of all sorts in the future: as basis therefor, and essential condition: certainly the highest part): now it is so necessary to the highest character to serve others: to bear one's cross, as well as be lifted up on it: to renounce, for others' sake: that the gain is always more than the loss, even if we gave up ten years of study and thought to tend some bed-ridden cripple, whose highest want seemed only a cool cup of water now and then.

Well, one thing is certain: we can seek the highest and best and truest we know: under guidance of half a dozen good motives: no matter if they be inextricably mixed; and no irreparable loss if even some bad ones insist on mixing in with them.

Is it certain that the reason is in all ways higher than the emotions? Perhaps they cannot be compared wisely: any more than a yard and a color. Love seems to me a pretty high thing. I suspect that to say a certain motive is based on *love*, is not saying it is any lower than one based on logic.

As Mr. —— says, one would n't like to have to choose whether he would prefer to have the oxygen or the nitrogen taken out of his atmosphere.

We get a prejudice against the emotions, when we see them acting regardless of reason; and against calculation, when it is cold and emotionless. How if they both go streaming in one current, like the light and the air?

I like it that there are some subjects on which when one has said anything, he has after all said nothing at all.

***

I hope you are not trying to do any brain-work. Let your brains vegetate and make new growth undisturbed, for next term — ! there 's so much I shall ask you to do. Mind you, I know about brains. The thing you want now till term opens is absolute stupidity, and great activity in the digestive apparatus. Horrid, is n't it! Item, so much carbon, item, so much nitrogen: "five forms of protoplasm": muscular exercise to distribute them well about the tissues. Then next term, we will enter upon our birthright as "heirs of all the ages" and the "long result of time."

***

Your question of 26th May was too good a one to leave so long unanswered. It was not left as being too *hard* to answer, but I have been very busy, and really could not find time to settle myself to say anything on so important a question till to-night, and now it must be a brief note. The real value of

"being well read" seems to me to be in the wider and truer life it gives us. By "wider" I mean that our thoughts and feelings and purposes are more complex and more consonant with the complexity and manifoldness of the universe we live in: the microcosm gets a little — even if a very little — nearer in quality and quantity to the macrocosm. The crystal leads such a narrow life — just along one little line — a single law of facet and angle: the plant a little wider: — the fish a little wider: — and the different sorts of *people* widening and widening out in their inner activities — and much according to their *reading* (since living human contact is not possible, except with the few relatives and neighbours).

And by *truer* life, I mean truer to nature: more as we were meant to be: the inner relations, between *ideas*, corresponding closer to the outer relations — or "real" relations — between *things*. These real thing-relations are in fact very complex and vastly inclusive: so must the thoughts and feelings be, if "true," or truly correspondent or mirror-like to them.

I don't see that culture (unless you spell it wrong) needs — or tends at all — to cut one off from human warmth. Are not some of the "best read" people you know or hear of, some of the broadest-hearted also? The very essence of culture is shaking off the nightmare of self-consciousness and self-absorption and attaining a sort of Christian Nirvana — lost in the great whole of humanity: thinking of others, caring for others, admiring and loving others.

I should like to have you write me more fully about it some time.

***

If you have a shadow of suspicion that your own manner . . . may be at fault (or at misfortune) pray endeavor to change it. We must accommodate ourselves to the imperfect natures of people, just as they have-to to ours. No man can be just his

natural unrestrained self, without impinging too much. Angles collide with angles. "Suspect yourself" is a great aid towards getting along with people. It 's the littleness of our natures that lets us stand on our rights so much as we constantly do. I suppose the great men stood chiefly on their duties, instead. Et ego have been knocked and rubbed a good deal; but in the retrospect it seems to have been mainly my own fault or unwisdom. Jesus would have "got along" pretty smoothly with nearly anybody. Even the whip in the temple is said to have been for the cattle, not their sellers.

Of course charity is not to blind our judgment; but only to enlighten it. Exempli gratia I have some little charity for the present Legislature. Nevertheless my judgment is that they are largely knaves and fools. Still, at this distance, I can recognize most of them as fellow-critters. But what a mess they are making of educational matters. . . .

If you ever get thinking too much about yourself, and your own concerns, read King Lear, or As You Like It, or Hamlet:—taking the whole play at a sitting or two.

***

You are getting on toward the close of the Second Act — the college days: and no doubt the management of the Third Act begins to occupy your mind a good deal — and perhaps to vex it a little. What to do with one's life gets to be a large question toward the close of Senior Year. In my own, I was saved a part of the question, for my health was frail and threatened me a little, so that the *immediate* duty was plain enough — to cut and run; which I did, on a long sea voyage; it was a toss-up which way it should be, among all the oceans and continents, but it happened to be to California. I had pretty much determined that I would try to get a better aim than the common ones. "I could not hide that *some* had *striven*," at least,

whatever they had "attained." Egoism, pure and simple, had somehow always struck me — theoretically — as mighty paltry for a grown-up man; a kind of permanent *child*-condition. And I cast about for some way of combining service with bread and butter. The ministry, or teaching, I finally settled it must be for me. It was a little narrow . . . to confine the choice to those two. I can see now that there are lots of ways to serve — more even than ways to get bread and butter. . . .

I . . . took a saddle-horse, rode about the country and hunted up a locality I liked the looks of, with a clean little school-house and wholesome looking farm people about it, and taught that country school. I found there was no difficulty in *doing* it, after a fashion at least; so I kept on. . . .

One thing is clear: a year or two of teaching is good honest work for any one — an advantage to others, and to self (for others in the future), as well. But if you knew you should then go into medicine, I think I should not wait but go into it at once. You may think medicine ministers only to the body — but, 1. the body is necessary condition of higher things, and 2. a good physician finds himself in one of the most influential positions in the community, for good. Nor need his work be confined to his lancet and pill-boxes (though there's a nobleness about those, when you think of the relations of mind and body), but there is an endless range of studies, and perhaps of writing, possible to such a profession.

One thing we must try to realize. Our individual drop of force is only one in a great sea. Perhaps, even if we saw just what particular piece of work the world most needed, we should not be the man for it. I see a number of things that need tremendously to be done; but *I* can't do them. I was n't properly endowed, or I had n't, and could n't have got, the training for it. Meantime I do what my hand finds to do and try not to fret. . . . Anyway, the thing is, not to spoil *too* much time and brains trying to be sure of the absolutely best

work — but to use all reasonable effort to see, and then — even if in vexatious doubt — to strike into the most *probably* sensible course, and work like a locomotive. One can at least fix his course for a *year* ahead — and agree with his conscience to let him alone to work at that *for* the year. And so year by year, if no other way is possible to one's temperament, one can get through a fine stent of work in a lifetime.

***

Your letter I was very glad to get. The rain meantime is over and the sun is out (on one side of the bay) and the linnets are crazy about it, turning my peas into music very successfully.— I like your ideas about specialties. Literature, for that matter, gets to be a specialty even if you don't take it for that, and your other works and aims would n't interfere with it, but leave it all the healthier. I should be almost afraid of a specialty (early chosen) of literature: lest it get mechanical and bread and buttery. I never made it a specialty and hardly do even now. I should rather say that teaching (in general) was my chosen specialty (however ill followed) and literature a field of flowers and grain and birds in which I and my pupils disport ourselves meantime.

***

It is a pity that in making plans, etc., one has to think so much *about* one's self. Beware, my dear child, of too much — or too exclusive — interest in yourself, and your own inner experiences. Make sensible plans for yourself, and then go at their fulfillment, forgetting yourself (one can, since all plans are for work of some kind, and that may all be from within outward. Even reading and study and thought and writing — are so.) Have you read Spencer's Ethics? Better do so. (Did you read Emerson on the Sovereignty of Ethics in N. A.

Rev., May, '77 ?) Spencer has a very sharp passage on Carlyle, but who has expressed the protest against egoism so well — so "very salt and bitter and good" — as he in the Second Part of Sartor Resartus (that part — the autobiographical part [though he pretends it is not auto-] — is worth reading over, if you have n't lately.)

***

Here are a few points of advice from a veteran, which I wish you not only to read, but to solemnly adhere to:

1. Don't *care* in the faintest possible degree what the children *think* of your doings. (You may *think* as much as you please of what they *care* for. They have tender little hearts.)

2. Don't try to do (or have them) two day's works in one. Little by little, and the least things first, and *many times repeated.*

3. Their education consists mainly in *their working: not yours.* Sometimes the teachers that work hardest do the poorest work, on that very account. (Your work *out* of school, of course helps them : but I mean, in.)

4. If you find yourself getting excited, or talking loud, or moving quickly (i. e. hurriedly) just *stop*, and let the steam go down. Give the children something to do quietly, as a composition on "What I should like to have" or something, meantime.

5. Go to bed early, after giving yourself a rubbing, to get the blood out of your brain into your skin and muscles.

6. Keep warm: every minute, day and night. Be sure you are clothed warmly enough for that climate, especially when winter comes.

7, 8, 9, and 10. Never allow yourself to think of what you have been doing; during the day, for instance. It is the going over things in the head afterwards, that kills. Throw your mind off from a thing, when it is done, and look only for-

ward, planning the next thing. At night, for example, think about the next day's work, not the past one. *This rule is worth everything.*

You will feel queer perhaps for a day or two or three, but will soon like it and enjoy yourself.

***

Truly it would be pleasanter for you to be teaching with me . . . but perhaps not so good for you, after all. That which teaches us most, is the best for us. I often wish, myself, that I were in some "loveliest village of the vale," with an old wooden schoolhouse and a parcel of barefoot urchins; with a little stream to fish in, and a long meadow to see sunsets from, and a little old church where I might hear a country choir and doze o' summer afternoons. But better not. And so with you. . . .

It is good, also, to be alone for a while. That 's the bitterest medicine one ever has to take, but we need it. So peg away at the small duties of these days. A good many of us have had very similar experiences, translated into different languages of circumstances and particular individuals, but the same in purport. . . .

Don't let any more of the molehills seem mountains than you can help. "Who cares?" is a good nightcap.

Think how dreadful it must be to *be* such people as we wot of. What is anything they can do to others, compared with *that?*

***

Your letter of 20th was received yesterday, on my return from a horseback ride with Mr. McLean, up through Napa and Sonoma. I sent you a paper from Napa, by the way . . . it contains a couple of spirited pictures. Don't you like those

frogs, with the moonshine on their slippery legs? and the walrus picture is good. I think I should quietly substitute any such for the villainous ones which may be among those you speak of on the walls. I used to put up newspaper pictures on my schoolhouse walls, for lack of finer ones. Children absorb so much through the eye. . . .

You are right about the geography class. Give them all the physical, I should say together. Skip much of the other geography, having them learn only the principal things, and those with great thoroughness. Outline map recitations: pointing to rivers, great cities, etc., and stimulating them (a large class of mixed grades can do it) to *quick* accurate answers — the best thing. . . . Get the class to take an imaginary voyage with you down a river, or along a coast, or so forth (in a balloon over a country, say.) Then each in turn describes what they see. Play we have come to such and such a town: what costumes: "exports": trees and plants: climate, etc. . . .

You will get along very well, I think, with your little flock. Y'r big boys won't trouble you much. If either of them should, be firm as a rock. He must do as you say, or leave. You must remember that you are not only hired by that *deestrick*, but by the State of California. . . . You have the Governor and Supreme Court and Legislature at your back for support, provided you do just right. . . . But I've no idea they will offend. They are coarse enough, no doubt; but a good deal of it is superficial. At heart they have good about them. Every one had a mother. Half of these students are just as bad, under the surface. You or I are bad enough, if it comes to that. We must n't be squeamish: physicians (moral and mental, as well as physical) have to stand some things that are offensive. You must take things right by the horns. Don't allow anything bad for fear of speaking of it. Take your sinners one by one, however. Never chide in public if you can help it. . . . See the good in your children, all you can.

***

I am very glad you have the lovely things to look at, in sky and mountain. We could hardly get on otherwise. With those, and a few human beings whom we believe in and can trust, and these both as prophetic intimations of something beyond, higher than either — we can do very well — even if they fry the steak, and the grammar class seems *παντα κονις, παντα ουδεν.*

***

I wish I could help you in some way. I can only send my sympathy, and urge you to do all you can for the children, regardless of their defects of breeding, the disagreeablenesses of their parentage, etc. . . . If you can help one or two of them ever so little: or even make them happier — the cup of cold water, you know: there is a good deal in that.

***

You should be writing a good deal, in odd moments. Send me anything that 's good — after it gets cold : — so that you need n't feel that it 's *going* to be sent while writing; for what we all need is to keep clear of restraining influences — these obscure, subtle ones,—that throw us out of rapport with ourselves, and make us think of the writing instead of the thing to be written. I believe we could all of us write something worth while if we could get free from everything but the looking clearly at the inner thing we are trying (or should be) to transcribe.

***

If your brain wheels will run on . . . give them some good important grist to grind : as, a new book — or a bit of natural

science (natural science is a good healthy inanity to relieve the brain with, any time), or some French (e. g. *Katia*, a Russian story, by Tolstoi, translated into French). Take this rule for yourself: — THINK OF THE LARGEST THINGS (among all that come through your brain, hour by hour) and those that have the least reference to yourself. You'd much better be thinking about the explorations in Assyria, and *act* in your personal affairs from momentary common sense and instinct — than to neglect all those world-interests and be planning or reminiscing about some small personal relation or piece of conduct — which does n't make much difference, anyhow.

BERKELEY, *Nov.*, 1876.

. . . Now I want to ask a favor. At the meeting of the State Teachers' Association in San Francisco a few months ago, a committee was appointed to enquire into industrial schools and colleges, etc.: to report at next meeting, which will be during session of next Legislature. I am not on that committee, but I am convinced that unless I stir about for facts . . . the report will be all o' one side like the handle of other teapots. . . .

Now will you keep a little bit of a corner in some out of the way rubbishy part of your brain (if you have any such, which to be sure I doubt) for any facts or memoranda of good places to get 'em, to strengthen our hands? . . .

I know you must be crowded with nearer calls, but I know, too, that your minutes all go to some direction of civilization or other, and maybe we might as well try to steal a few of them for the benefit of our barbarous shores.

***

May, '77.

Your package of books for the Students' Library is received. . . . It has excited considerable enthusiasm in the students that one of the great publishers in New York should send such a gift. I think it has had some result on their views of human nature, as well as prospective scholarly result. If you know what my notions of teaching are, you will understand what place books for the student hold in my views of the Universe. It is my hobby that the best education you can give a young fellow (if not about the only education) is to bring his mind in real contact with the best other minds. My labor goes in that direction: selecting with (I hope) constantly better discrimination the best things, and the best parts of the best, and contriving new ways to get the boys the power and the desire and the opportunity to assimilate them: to "get outside" of them. . . .

Who would have thought, that night when we were sleepily talking about the future, in bed in your room in New Haven, in 1860, that 17 years after (what a distance that seemed then!) I was to be hammering at the young brains in these longitudes, and you were to be sending out a lot of steam-power to keep the hammer going. The whirligig brings round lots of things besides revenges.

What a surprise it will be a thousand years hence if we happen to be doing similar things.

***

Sept. '78.

As to the wee bit bookie, I have pondered, and more than than that have (for the first time in six years) looked over the volume. If I were to get it out again it would be with just half the things out, and just about as much put in in their place (from magazines, etc.) But this I am not anxious to do: for while

there is a little demand (as I hear constantly from our booksellers hereabouts) for a new edition, I look upon it as a demand not for the poetry but for the *Professor's* poetry. That is, you understand, not a legitimate demand. The poetry, if good for anything, ought to make *me* in demand, not I the poetry.

I am getting on well enough, considering what planet we are on. . . . I am still trying with considerable energy each day (which gives out toward night, I confess) to see what is good and valuable in English (and other peoples') literature. The more I look the less I find, but the more I prize what little I do find.

I should like to make a prose book or two for you to publish, but I shall not live long enough to do it, nor will you ever be likely to be rich enough to afford to publish the sort of books I should write.

***

Feb., 1880.

Thank you for the information for my inquiring student. . . . I knew about the Social Science Associations, but my point was that they don't go to the bottom-difficulty: viz., what *end* are we after? And secondly, is it the end we had *better* be after. My notion is that Spencer is the only man that has begun to answer that question — namely in the Data — and in previous hints which he that did n't run too fast might read — and that the Associations have been puttering about Contagious Diseases, Drainage, Prison Reform, and other such excellent matters to work at, but the perfection of which would leave us very little better off than at present. The best thing you can do with such people as we have now is to let the contagious diseases thin 'em out a little, perhaps.

As to your thought that I have scattered, and ought to make myself "favorably known." My dear fellow, I like your caring for me enough to say this and wish this, but — if you knew

about my life of late years and my ideas of life, you would see. I am not and have n't been trying to make myself favorably known. The devil take any one that *is* trying for it. I have been working to educate, in some high sense, successive classes of young people; and meanwhile to know more about education, and especially literature as a means of it, and about education in its relation to society and life. I am contented to die unknown, if I can arrive at the truth about certain great matters, and can put others in the way thereof. If there is anything which utterly disgusts me and makes me howl aloud and swear, it is these infernal fools who are fighting to get their names abroad, and care for no other work. That a man like Spencer should *be* well known is a matter of course and all right; but he has not cared for that. Let a man work his work in peace, and the devil take his name — the less likely to get anything more of him than that.

***

Nov., '80.

I want to get into communication with somebody in England who knows (or cares) about public education there. I want to ask a lot of questions and get some documents. Can you tell me to whom to write? I feel a tremendous desire to *get light* on educational matters outside of our little pint-pot here in California. E. g. I "want to know you know" about certain text books, (for the lower schools). And to look after certain statistics.

My hobby just now is the High School question. We are having meetings of High School and College men to try to be mutually helpful and coöperative. But the bones are mostly pretty dry bones as yet. . . .

We have always been hearing about the German schools and Univs. I am more and more coming to think it is the *English* schools we want to know about, and Univs, judging by results in producing thoroughly civilized men.

***

Dec., 1880.

Your letter with suggestion of English school men was received. Thank you. I have tried the M. Arnold: will let you know the result if any. I am making a list of books to recommend for our pub. school libraries. If you know of any list made by any competent hands I wish you'd tell me. . . . I would give a good deal for a really well chosen list of a hundred volumes for girls' and boys' reading. But how to get it? Meantime I set down old folks' books, mainly, as the best boys' reading I know of. But there must be *some* good "juveniles," if anybody knows them.

***

Dec., 1880.

I have got to the point where I again like and enjoy poetry, after a period of fearing I had lost that source of pleasure. Perhaps I shall get still farther to the point of trying again to write some. You see I had to read such acres of poor verse (it is right, is n't it, to measure it by acres — superficial measure) in my professional work, that I came to dislike it. Now I have done all that — the old poets, you know — once for all,— and can enjoy, and preach, the few good poets. . . .

I am making out a list of books to recommend for public school libraries. Do you know of any list that will help me? This book of Putnam's — Hints for Home Reading — with its Joseph Cookery and lists — is a poor affair. I'll bless you if you can send me any suggestion.

***

Feb., '81.

You think I write on various subjects. No. Only on *Education* (which is my hobby) and in Literature, with an occasional wild excursion into Sociology. I take a great and

growing interest in being the cause of writing in others. Have trained up already two "Atlantic" writers and various smaller fry. I like to help at the incubation of poets, especially.

***

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, *Sep.*, 1881.

I was thinking this morning, as I lay waiting for it to be time to get up (and waiting — also — for the clouds to clear away from Mont Blanc, so that I could see it better from the window) about the difficulties that beset writing under *all* circumstances. It is easy to see why so few good or valuable books have been written. The wonder is that any one ever surmounts the obstacles, and gets anything accomplished beyond *plans*. I was wondering, also, whether *you* are doing anything with the pen. Remember the Statue and the Bust.

These Alps are very near kin to our Sierras : more picturesque, more full of surprises, more to the painter's hand perhaps; but hardly more beautiful or impressive — except a few regions, as that of Mont Blanc, the like of which I have not seen. . . .

What a long time it takes the mail to crawl around such a little pocket planet.

***

AMBLESIDE, WESTMORELAND, *Sep.*, '81.

This violet is a descendant of the one Wordsworth is always writing about. At least I picked it to-day on the side of the path where he must have walked many times, between his house and Stock Ghyll Force. It is a beautiful region, this of the English Lakes ; but one does n't see, after all, why poetry should not be thought and felt and written as well at —— or Berkeley, as in Westmoreland.

***

BALTIMORE, *Oct.* '81.

I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Lanier's death. His book on English verse is the only thing extant on that subject that is of any earthly value. I wonder that so few seem to have discov^d its great merit.

***

BERKELEY, *Nov.*, '81.

Do you know of any college in good standing that gives the degree of A. B. without Latin and Greek, or without Greek? What colleges give A. M. without Lat. or Greek (aside from complimentary degrees). If I understand aright *you* give A. B. for certain courses which may not include Greek. And why not? *if* a course is contrived with stuff in it equivalent.

Our new President is about announcing a course in "Science and Letters," which is to be a "liberal education" for business men. I tell him — as about the old "Strawberry" — there *might* be made a course, perhaps, — and may perhaps in the future — which shall give a "liberal ed." without Latin: but who has seen such an one as yet invented, or any certain product thereof? I for my part am unwilling to have much to do with — or to be responsible at all for — any regular college course, with a degree, which is not *worthy*, at least, of A. B.: or equivalent thereto. I am willing to lecture to teachers and others on literature, etc., and do do it; but I don't believe a "college" ought to give a regular four years curriculum and give a degree at the end of it, unless there is good substantial stuff in it, enough to make a rich and trained mind.

***

April, '82.

. . . A remarkable state of things in the old town. No wonder your cousin's interest goes back to the gravestone people — they *were* sane, once, anyhow. It would do those

old towns good to seize hold of them (by the handle of a steeple or two) and haul 'em up and sprinkle the people out as from a pepper-box all over this Western region — collecting 'em all again after a couple of years and putting 'em back with a teaspoon. . . .

"Yet spite of all" their going insane
I'd like to be with 'em (geographically) and remain —

for a while at least.

***

July, 1882.

TO R. E. C. S. HORTATORY.

"Come back, my children," arid Berkeley cries,
Come to my leathery gum trees' bluish shade,
Come where my stubbly hillside slowly dries,
And fond adhesive tarweeds gently fade.

Here murmurs soft the locomotive's shriek,
And o'er the plain the antic dummy squeals,
Here picnic eggshells bloom beside the creek,
That sweetly 'mid its dried-up hummocks steals.

At morning howls the neighbor's pensive dog,
At noon the flower-beds don their stony crust,
At evening softly falls the genial fog.
And *every* hour bestows its bounteous dust.

Come — when you 've *got* to, not a day before!
Till then, stay there, and heed not Berkeley's lures,
Drink health and blessing from the mountain's store,
And still, dear Stearns, believe me

Ever yours.

***

Oct., '82.

I have seen the comet twice: the first time just as you did, with the little moon, and trees against the white dawn: wonderful. This morning without the moon: the dawn white in the east, and ruddy in the southeast. The stars all visible, though,

and one shining clear right through the tail, increasing the gauziness of the effect. It is like a phantom, anyway, the whole affair: the spirit of a world, hovering about and waiting to be incarnated.

[1883.]

CUYAHOGA FALLS, *Jan.* 25, '83.

We made a comfortable and safe journey across. It's mighty cold hereabouts, mercury sticking close to zero, day and night. But there's no harm in it.

***

Zero weather. Snow creaks and crackles under foot. Two people cross a carpet and give a sharp spark to one another's noses. Went skating yesterday. Didn't "cut across the shadow of a star" because it was daylight, and besides the critics say it can't be done. "Shadow"? No: what is it? "Reflex"? "Sparkle"?

A white world, with skeleton trees — nervous systems anatomized and set up in the air, frozen stiff — is a queer thing: unearthly.

***

It's a bad time to take up trees in the winter; ground is frozen; roots can't go down. This is a parable. If it were summer here, no doubt I should be taking long walks and going fishing, and mooning about, nights — and keeping my old en-

vironment out of my head as thoroughly as possible. But it 's winter — the dead vast and middle of it (as Howell quotes of the summer) — and my roots are all in the air as yet, and I feel extremely queer. We are supposed to have got settled. . . . I have established a writing-table with the birds contiguous (as near a window as I dare put 'em for fear of freezing their noses off: you remember how the cold air pierces in between the sashes of a window like a long thin knife?) . . . They manage to have some green leaves and posies under a glass — but what looking gardens! They were spaded in the Fall, so that when not mercifully veiled with snow they look all lumpy mud, frozen. Gracious! what a looking world.

I am supposed to be entered on a mad career of literary work. Have so far only written some very mild verses — suitable for nursery use in some amiable but weak-minded family. But then I 've been skating twice! Think of that — real ice, too. You can make Mr. —— feel bad about that, if you tell him — and make him think he 'd like to be here; but he would n't.

It 's a curious illusion of yours out there, that you can go out and pick flowers and hear leaves rustle and see grass grow and feel thorough-going sunshine. You can't, you know, 'cause it 's winter everywhere: snow and ice, or frozen slush and mud — it *must* be. *I* used to have that same hallucination when I was out there. Queer. Effect of the climate, I s'pose.

***

Thank you very much for keeping me so thoroughly posted. I feel as if there was nothing *here* to keep *you* posted *about*. There 's nothing here anyway except weather. Some it is fluid, and some it is frozen, and eke sometimes the mixture yclept slush — but always weather. We sit down at breakfast and discuss the prospects of the day as to — weather. We report to each other the observations each has made casually during

the night as to — weather. Some one tells how the barometer stands, and what it has done during the night. Some one else reports the direction of the wind — this is disputed by some one else. After breakfast the first one out-doors comes back and reports on — the weather. During the forenoon any member of the family who falls in with any other reports the thermometer or the barometer, and they stop their respective businesses a few moments to discuss the weather. At dinner there is a whole forenoon's weather to discourse upon, and various prophetic intimations concerning the afternoon weather. At tea, the day's weather furnishes the piece of resistance, with entrees of conjecture as to the morrow's prospects. You do not buy anything at the stores till you have compared views on this subject. Then you buy, and before you can get your change (cents, you know, carefully counted) you must disclose your innermost and private views concerning not only to-day's weather, but yesterday's, and that of the season in general. You also give your views briefly, before you get to the door, on the weather of Ohio compared with that of the Pacific Slope. Then you hastily make a pacific slope out of the door.

When you get home you find you have constantly received cents, and failed to pay out any — so that your purse is all stuffy with 'em. But you have no time to deplore this, for some one distracts your attention at once to the weather.

***

Antiochus Epiphanes has been allowed to thaw out a little here lately. Thereby changing the world from a dead white to a whitey-brown or mud-and-dead-grass color. But just now it has lightly frozen again, and the puddles are skimmed with the "frolic architecture" of the ice, and the air is fine and dry. . . .

The air here makes a man feel like stirring around lively. Sets your feet to walking you off indefinite distances. But

there 's no splendid Berkeley view to behold when you get to the end of your walk. We can't have everything in one spot. What 's the use of crying for the moon? Better flatten one's nose on the pane and gaze upon it and try to be glad he has n't got it. Should have to take care of it and pay taxes on it if we had it.

***

I am and shall be interested in all California goings on, for I am glad to accept the axiom some one has quoted to me, "Once a Californian, always a Californian." We may be forced to blush sometimes for our politicians out there, but our Bay civilization is a thing to be congratulated on. . . .

***

Spring just faintly appearing here — snubbed by a snowstorm every few days. No leaves out, but robins and bluebirds, and buds swelling.

***

"Summer is a cumin in. Loudly sings cucku" — that is to say, the wobbin, and the gluebird, and the noriole. It is 80° — warm, and a thunder storm night before last, and crocuses and jonquils and hyacinths and primroses are in bloom in the gardens, and hepaticas and anemones, as well as arbutus, in the woods. But there is not enough oxygen in the warm south wind. It is a very soft and musical wind in the blossomed elms and maples, and just beginning to be scented with cherry blossoms — but it lacks the oxygen of the sea breeze. Funny old world! Where there are lovely things to see in the country the air tries to prevent your having the energy of a dormouse, to go out to walk and see them. Where the air is bracing

there 's nothing much to go out for to see. Evidently a world not meant to make its denizens perfectly contented. The duty of not being contented! what an easy duty!

***

WINDSOR, CONN.

I have been making a pilgrimage to E—— to-day. . . . It has been, to begin with, a perfect June day, and you remember the look of it in these regions: the blue sky with white dapples in it, the lustrous leaves not yet long enough out of their sheaths to have lost their tender new green, the fields full of daisies (too full, the honest farmer would say — but not too full for the passing vagabones to enjoy), the laurel glimmering in the woods (remember it?), the roads as they run through thickety places full of the smell of wild grape blossoms (remember 'em?), the rye soft and wavy (nothing but rye in the sandy plains betwixt here and E——, or a little tobacco and spindly corn — plain living and high thinking must be the rule out around there among the farmers. . . .

E—— is beautiful. It might be just a little *quiet* in the winter, for gay people like you . . . but at this season it is great. There 's a glorious silence there. I saw a man, and a boy with a toy wagon, and another man, all on the street at once. But they went into dooryards and were seen no more. What a dignity and placid reserve about the place! The houses all look like the country-seats of persons of great respectability who had retired on a competence — and retired a great ways while they were about it. And what *big* houses they used to build. *Used* to, I say, because there is n't a house over there that looks less than a thousand years old: not that they look old as seeming worn or rickety at all, but old as being very stately and wise and imperturbable. I am struck, all about here in Conn., with the well kept up look of the houses. Paint must be cheap — no, 'tis n't that. Paint is

probably pretty dear; but they believe in keeping everything slicked up. Yet there are a few oldest of the old houses that came out of the ark I know.

***

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

I have myself just "lit" from a flight among Eastern places. Have been gone about two months: the old habit, you see, of getting away for summer vacation. No mountains, to be sure, to flee to, but the White *hills* are considered and believed to be Mts. in New England, and I would not cruelly undeceive them there. I called them mts. whenever I could think of it — especially Mt. Washington, which really is a very pretty piece of rising ground: specially at sunset when it "wraps the drapery of its" cloud-shadows and ridge-shadows about it, and gets rosy on top. . . . I had a few days in New York: found it as of old (— and more than of old, a good deal —) a splendid city: nothing in Europe handsomer or gayer than 5th Avenue of an afternoon, or by electric light in the evening. But I rather hated it, except as a wonderful show, and got out of it quickly to old Windsor, which is sleepier than ever: lovely old place though — "home of perpetual peace."

***

It is a generous soul that writes without reference to accurate tally of give and get. You and —— are about the only ones among my friends that will do it. Why should n't we? Are we bound by the slaveries that women submit to, with their double entry (front entry and back entry) book-keeping of social "calls" (hence the phrase, the "call of duty"?) Poo' women! Who would be thou!

***

I am just back from a summering in the ancient and somnolent pastures of New England: some weeks at my old home, Windsor, in the Conn. River valley — you remember how green and peaceful that region is, corn-fields and hay-fields, and elm-shaded streets and maple-shaded houses (with green blinds, mostly shut tight), and patches of their pretty woods — the trees only shrubs to a Californian eye, but ever so fresh and graceful, and lustrous with rain or dew: a week in the White Mts.— they, too, dwarf varieties, but capable of good coloring and various picturesque "effects": and a few days on the Maine sea-shore.

No discount on the Atlantic Ocean. The only thing East that does n't seem like a feeble imitation, after living so long in California. (I hardly except the people as to certain characteristics. . . .)

***

It is an evidence of the irrational attachment one gets (as cats do) to places, that the Berkeley post-mark (which the good Dr. —— makes very conscientiously: ex pede Herculem, the mark of a careful and just man) gives me always a pleasant little twinge of homesickness. It is an evidence of the somewhat more rational attachment we get to people, that your handwriting does likewise, only more so. . . .

We are having hot, moist, muggy summer weather. We live on the recollections of the Maine Coast and the White Mts. It is pleasant to know that *there* it does n't rain hot water. Once in a while I reflect, also, with pleasure, that you in Berkeley are cool and vigorous and chipper, while we are being parboiled. But there are beautiful things to *behold* here on these summer mornings, and glorious summer nights. We have moonlight here. The full moon is a ripper, I tell you. Great on a row of maples — big fellows — with shade deep and black.— I hope Mr. Crane is all right again.

***

Yours of 4th was received yesterday, and papers containing the same sad news of Mr. Crane's death. I had heard that he was seriously ill, but afterward that he was supposed to be out of danger; so that I was greatly surprised when the news came. Somehow he seemed a man that would not die: there seemed such an amount of quick, active life in him. I always thought of him as so thoroughly alive. He always came to my recollection as he looked when speaking in the Club — perfectly quiet in manner and tone, but every fibre of his brain evidently electric. I had written him a letter a few weeks ago, from an impulse to tell him how well I appreciated him and liked him. I am specially glad now that I did. Another evidence that a man had better always follow his first impulse. . . . And it [his mind] was *kept* clear and reinforced all the time by an integrity of intellect that made him look first of all to see what was true. Other men were after the right sound, or the prudent word, or the polite one, or the amiable one, or one that would stop a gap when ideas were wanting. He was after the exact and unadulterated *fact*. And my brain was actually in love with his, ever since I first knew him.

Personally he never in the least warmed toward me; but I never in the least looked for that. One of the things that made me like him was that I seemed to see that he divined my own limitations, and weighed me pretty accurately. I admired him the more from the fact that he did not at all admire me,* and I liked him the more from the fact that his intellectual honesty seemed to do justice to mine — a thing which from boyhood has been a permanent craving with me. Well, I did n't expect him to die, and I am mighty sorry to lose him from this world. Yes, he is one of the men that help one to believe in the immortality of the soul. I think Crane — the real man — must be, somewhere, to-day, just as truly as he was a month ago.

* In fact, Mr. Crane cherished a peculiar admiration for Professor Sill.

***

I 've just finished a paper on the co-education question (you see how the public, at last, has got excited about that? Oh, they will get the old fogy colleges into it, yet) which I shall maybe send to some magazine. The trouble is, nobody agrees with anything he reads unless he agreed with it beforehand — so what 's the use? I don't believe a man was ever convinced of anything since Adam. People blunder into opinions somehow, and then stick to 'em.

I 'll tell you what you are sure to enjoy reading — Jane Welch's letters. I was reading a book about Rossetti t'other day, in which he is quoted as saying she was a "bitter little woman" — but she probably snubbed him and thought small beer of his brass crucifixes and æsthetic flummeries. She was a cracker at letter writing, anyway. And she must (from his own account of it) have suffered no end from Carlyle's dreadful ways. She says in one letter to him "it would never do for me to leave you for good [I infer she had really considered that question] for I should have to go back the next day to see how you were taking it"! — I wish I could step into my neighbours there to see how *you* are taking it. Bet you have forgotten where we lived and how I spell my name! (Two l's — capital S).

***

I never was so deluged with puns in my life! And illustrated with cuts moresoever! ("Cuts?" says he, when the examiner asked him to draw the figures of his demonstrations in geometry: "I never thought of looking for cuts!") (They were all in the back of the book, and he had learnt the words by heart without 'em.) Which reminds me of another nanny-goat in the paper. Long-winded discourse *vs.* Darwinism. Towards his 91stly he asks "If we came from monkeys, where are our tails!" Weary

soul in front pew responds, "We 've worn 'em all off sitting on 'em so long!" Quod erat demonstrandum.

By the way, Beecher lectured in Cleveland t' other night. . . . He can use language to express thought a pretty considerable deal. He said: "*I*'ve no objection to the descent from the monkey. If any man objects to descending from a monkey, why, he can stay there."! . . .

I 've been amusing myself with some of Tyndall's experiments on ice: letting a concentrated sunbeam strike thro' it, melting out stars on its track. Lovely! Also watching the freezing of water under a magnifying glass. Nearly froze off the top of my head doing it the other day; but as the Shaughran says, "it was wuth it."

***

So my A—— verses went in unrevised. Just as well. The *idea* is all there. I almost feel like despising and violating all *form*, when I see the fools that worship it. I always understood why Emerson made his poems rough — and I sympathize more than ever.

***

All our ordinary bothers only need an outside point of view to let the sawdust out of them (rapid change of figure: Shaksperian), and to get into another person's world gives us a big parallax for proper estimates of our own orbits. . . . What fairy mythology is there, of a man who shifts from one life to another and back all the time: so when I read your letters I am a Californian out and out — or in and in.

***

Nor do I like *two adjectives* with comma, in description. Always, I should say, strike out one of them (vide —— *vs.* Turgenieff).

Exception 1. When the first qualifies the second + the noun as one quantity (no comma).

2. When the two describe practically the same quality) as, the long, narrow slit). This is not to be found in books, I guess, but is correct, is n't it?

***

I don't think there 's anything in the idea that a man must stay out of medicine unless he can go in like a monomaniac — i. e., an enthusiast. Why should n't people go into things soberly, seeing the other side, and all sides; and with no vows to stay in them till death do them part. It *sounds* well to lay down great moral axioms about what people should do and should n't do and get them off solemnly to young people — to their great impressment but ultimate confusion; but it is a little absurd.

***

Read Caine's Recollections of Rossetti — but it will make you melancholy.— Heavens! what does n't? Carlyle and Emerson correspondence, for instance.

***

Jeffreson's "Real Lord Byron" (Franklin Square) makes him awfully real indeed: selfish, vulgar, low. Shelley was ten times as much of a *man*.

C. Kegan Paul's Essays are good.

Old Don Quixote is perennially good reading. A Doré copy lies on our parlor table, and every few days at some odd ten minutes I open it and read again. That of the enchanted boat, for instance. It is universal human nature. Cervantes really was like Shakspere.

Do you know Landor's Imaginary Conversations? Some of *them* are Shaksperian. Read some of them if you have n't. They are real dramatic poems, like Browning's, some of them. Hy VIII and Anne Boleyn, e. g.—and Dante and Beatrice.

Hamerton's Round my Hse is pretty reading for light reading.— But I have lately some moods that require the things that go right to the core of the intellect, or else the piteous and tragic things that wring my heart. Sometimes history — plain prose — will serve best. Mommsen's Rome, e. g., in the Julius Cæsar epoch. The novelists for the most part seem idle chatterers. . . .

Read Emily Bronte in the Famous Women Series (the style, etc., you need not resent or criticise — the total effect of the picture is all) — then re-read Villette.

***

How do you like Miss Phelps' new book? I confess it moved me greatly — perhaps hitting just the right mood to do it in. . . . Read A. Trollope's Autobiog.? (Franklin Square and big print.) To me very interesting. Think of that mother of his! Would like to have known her. Be sure you read Rénan's Recollections.

***

Did you know Kant wrote some poems when young (I don't know but later than young)? This is one:

> "Was auf das Leben folgt, deckt tiefe Finsterniss;
> Was uns zu thun gebührt, des [sic] sind wir nur gewiss,
> Dem kann, wie Lilienthal, kein Tod die Hoffnung rauben,
> Der glaubt, um recht zu thun, recht thut, um froh zu glauben."

Have you read Daudet's bit of reminiscence of Turgenieff in Century? And the portrait!

If only men did n't die just as they are getting ripe and

great! Death *is n't* a gentle angel. The old view is the true view. No flowers can hide the skull. It is not only awful — it is horrible that people should die.

***

You are not like me if you don't find yourself doubting the tangible existence of people when you have no current evidence. (Talk about belief in immortality: I find it hard enough to believe in real being at all, when it is well around a corner anywhere, out of sight. — Still — I *do* sort o' believe in immortality. Can't make myself think it 's all hereditary prepossession either. But whether old friends will ever have time to find each other out?) (Quid metui resurrecturus? Meantime this life is enough for us to think about. There's no doubting we live now.) . . .

***

The moral of it all is, brace up! As young Orme says in Orley Farm (you have to read two or three of Trollope after his autobiog.) it won't do for a fellow ever to knock under. To himself, you know. To let himself see that he 's afraid. Besides, what is there to squelch anybody, in all these things? It's an episode anyhow.—What 'll you bet we are not immortal. In that case the whole affair is only a picnic — a day's excursion — and no matter how it comes out. To-morrow will have new chances. I rather incline to think that all those people who die with no hope of (or fear of) immortality are in for the biggest surprise of their lives.

***

[1884.]

You would like this winter weather. Remember how the snow creaks under foot, in zero-cold? and the good smell of frozen oxygen, and how your moustache freezes up, and how the fields of blue-white snow stretch away everywhere, and Pan retires all his passions and emotions from the landscape, and leaves only pure intellect — cold and white and clear? — One ought to have, tho', a house about 7 miles square, full of open fires and open friends — both kept well replenished and *poked up.* — I should like to see some of these winter scenes, and some of these sunsets, out of *your* west window. — I wish you a very happy rest-of-the-year.

***

You say you have written many times to me mentally — and say that such bring no replies. You do them injustice. Certainly they do. Only the replies are *also* mental. You have had no end of such.

***

You recollect old Geo. Herbert after a season of dumps congratulates himself that once more he doth "relish versing" — So there are faint symptoms that now that the apple-trees are at last in blossom I may relish writing to my friends. Alack, I have not so many to whom I *ever* write, or from whom I am ever written to (I no longer teach the English language) that I need wait so long to write at least a brief scratch. . . . The truth is I desire to hear from you. Otherwise there are hardly enough apple-trees out to move me, even this May morning. — Is it any wonder people talk about the weather?

For what is there that plays the deuce with us like that. I confess I am completely under it half the time — and more than half under, the balance. . . . It 's very pretty now, I assure you. Treacherous, a little, but full of greenery and blossoms. In New England no doubt it is still prettier. In the past week the sky — even in Ohio — has been summer blue. You remember what that is, between big round pearly white clouds? But for six months previously it was a dome of lead, or dirty white. Now and then, of a rare day, the color of a black and blue spot on a boy's knee. Once or twice in a month, when the sun tried to shine, the hue of very poor skim milk. The gods economizing, no doubt, and taking that mild drink in place of nectar — or slopping it around feeding their cats — or the Sky terriers. If I recollect aright you have midsummer in May, there. Hot forenoons and bootiful fog in the evening? I would like to help you dig your garden. We have now apple, pear, and cherry trees in blossom, yellow currant, white and purple lilacs, flowering cherry: pansies, tulips, lily of the valley, and genuine solid green turf sprinkled with gold buttons of dandelions. The air is full of fragrance. The robins, bluebirds, wrens, and orioles are building wonderful nests all over the place. Three red and black game bantams are parading on the lawn, and seven baby bantams about as big as the end of my thumb are skittering around under the laylocs.

***

I hope this fine breezy summer day extends even unto your latitude. If it does, you are not longing for the fleshpots of California. . . .

I suppose the political fragrancies don't penetrate much into your workshop. Where are you, exactly, and what doing? Snails and such? Can you hit the snail on the head, every time?

***

Why, tell me why, have n't you written me some more letters? The idea of writing a real good one like the last, and not following it up. Noblesse oblige, you know. You assume responsibilities when you write and create an appetite for your letters. "But I have n't written"? Why, of course not. Homo sum & nihil humanum alienum a me puto (to be sure homo means woman as well as man — but never mind the Latin when Mr. Kellogg is n't around) — and one of the privileges of my sex is to be grouty and crusty and silent and to be ministered *unto* by letters and things. . . . Well, here 's another and a better reason. This is the State of Ohio. Our electricity here takes the form of thunder-showers: yours there goes to animal spirits and mental sprightliness. . . . Only one faculty remains alive in us all the year round: our receptivity to letters. We are more greedy for them than ever before or elsewhere, in fact. But as to writing any, we are much too stupig.

How would you like to visit some interesting foreign country, and be taken thro' it in the night, getting a glimpse by a flash of lightning once an hour thro' the car-window? Thusly, alas, do I see my friends in Berkeley. . . : I see you vividly, but not enough times. My life is largely there, still, but in these scattered gleams — reproduced, of course, over and over again in the mind's eye, but fed only by memory, between the gleams. I hear the beginnings of tales that are not continued. It is like going from theatre to theatre all over a city, hurrying in and out after seeing but one scene at each.

***

Yes, I could do the review, but it might not suit your public. I have n't the habit of that sort of judicial tone, so called and consid[d], which consists in thinking one man about as good as

another, and in showing wherein everybody is mediocre and not quite so excellent as somebody else (who would in turn be proved mediocre if being reviewed.)

***

I like these lines that limp. For instance again,

"Calls the spade, spade"

just suits me — yet it is an acquired taste, I suppose. At 20 I should have preferred "Call me early mother dear, etc." Of course the rhythm all depends on a subtle estimate of the emphasis and *pause.*

***

I would rather take a hand in a collection of French translations than German, for my part. For I am coming to believe the Germans an unpoetic people — even their greatest poets are pretty wordy and dull and clumsy. But there is a school of modern French poets worth translating. I have been doing some of Sully Prudhomme, for instance. It is — to the Germans — as cloud-fluff to cheese. Or as the violin to the horse-fiddle.

***

As to French poetry, I know there's another side. I believe as I used to, about the mass of French writers. It's only here and there a Geo. Sand, or a delicate poet. As to German — Heine was a Jew of the Jews. You might as well instance Job as a German. A friend of mine calls certain graceful verse "unsubstantial." It's true much of the French is so.

. . . Your test is the best one: what sticks in the mind. Or as some one puts it, as a test of great writers, whose work has most entered into the world's intellectual life?

***

I have asked Pres. Cutler of Adelbert College, Cleveland, to send you a copy of his Argument on Co-Education. The Trustees' vote was $\frac{2}{3}$ majority to keep co-ed. Faculty all opposed except the President! Infandum!

***

Is there not some friend of yours at the Smithsonian who would be so benevolent as to send me (if you asked him) some publications from time to time for our village Library — the which I have been organizing and have now in good running order. We are poor and hungry for valuable literature. E. g. here is the new Bureau of Ethnology, with some published reports — and there are constantly things that would throw light into our dark corners — "How far yon little candle" *would* "throw its beams" if it would get into our little candlestick of a Library and reading room. . . .

Item: what is the name, rank, and title of a little flat, cross-ribbed, reddish scale of a leaf-eating, wood-louse-resembling insect, which hath a cover hinged on to the top of his rear in such a way as to cover and uncover himself at will? curious to behold.

***

Am hurried just now. Have a MS. story of an author-in-posse to examine and (I fear) criticize to pieces, an article to write for the Pall Mall . . . and a bk to review for the Nation, which they have just sent me. Besides being awfully in arrears in correspondence. The spirit of writing letters has not moved my ink-waters for a long while. My friends (few enough at the best) must all be disgruntled at my silence. —— is the best man about that. He writes without regard to

my sins of omission. He knows I don't change my animum with my coelum. . . .

. . . I am suspicious of eccentric people, as a rule, moreover. And the fag end of a famous family is never wholly satisfactory: the beginnings of good blood are better than the thin lees. Each generation pours fresh water on the same old tea-leaves of genius, and it gets very weak.

***

As to transition from quoted fine print, the Nation the other day let me go from one to the other with a dash and no set in. And they let me have my colons. Your distinction bet. colons and semi-colons is mine also. For instance, I almost invariably use a semi-colon before "but." Always, I think, except where there has already occurred a semi-c. in the sentence, standing for a different use. . . . There is a subtlety, tho', which does not constitute an exception, but a different species of the generic use. . . . Two contrasted statements, set off separately against each other, instead of being *but*-ted against each other. If they were put together with the butness expressed to connect them in the mind, it would require semi-colon. But I expressly wish *not* to do this. To but them is to connect them into one thought. I wish to have them seen separately, for it is only the latter one I care about stating and only introduce the former one as the dry-goods clerk shows you a (?) dress before showing you the green one he wants you to buy. The comma and semi-colon connect: the period and colon separate. . . . I have just looked at Emerson's works . . . and find very few colons. It would have been clearer, often, if they had used them. . . . And at several English books, where I find them used more. It is perhaps an Americanism to restrict their use too much? I am very willing to believe, tho', that I overdo their use a

little. One must n't use points any more than words, for his own private meaning: they are language, and must have their recognized value, if one can find out what that is:— their value among those best worth considering, one must be sure to add.

***

Did you ever look at Galton's "Faculty"? Interesting book. . . . He gives some copies of composite photographs. I have been trying lapping one over another with the stereoscope and it works beautifully.— McGahan's "Campaign against Khiva" is a good bk to read at some odd moments, for distracting the mind. I 've taken to travels again lately.

***

I am in the midst of Geo. Sand's Histoire de ma Vie. You must read it. It is great. We have to take her right in. She is a beautiful mugwump. Decidedly you must get up your French.

This man Flaubert I must find out more about. If Geo. Sand (at 62) loved him so much at 65, he must have been something.

I like to find in such histories, that people can love when they are 60, or 70, or 80. It is all *life* till love goes.

***

You and I had better make of ourselves a Soc. for Psychic Research. Last number (or but one) of "Science" has good article from Simon Newcomb (astron.) on the ineffably foolish English "society." Just the one I was going to write for Nation, only ten times better. Would n't you like to be a dem'd aristocrat, with ruffles and things, and *employ* all these

sharp and competent fellows to write the things we know *ought* to be written, without having to write at all, ourselves? To be "quite one of us, you know," instead of a writer?

***

I don't feel sure that Emerson's optimism may not be as near right as our pessimism — ¿Quien sabe? You see we don't know. Ever see a queer bk of Dr. Hammond's: Mind and Will — or I forget the title. He 's a nice hopeful pessimist for you.

Haweis' Musical Memories has a number of good things: among others acc[t] of Wagner's Trilogy — descriptive, not so "deep" as most of 'em. Oh the idiots that write about great men — we idiots? Horrendum! . . .

Derelictum — but I have n't yet looked into Morley book on Emerson. I do so hate all I see about 'most anybody. Let a man write about himself. It 's the only fellow he knows anything about.

***

I want to write to you about a lot of things, but I hate to use pen and ink. An Englishman is said to have invented an addition to the telephone which writes out your message for you on paper. Why not every fellow talk his article or letter into it, and not use pen? We 're coming to it — but "slowly, slowly" and we "wither on the shore" — (if that 's it.) *Browning* is great. Ever read his Pauline? Early poem, but things in it.

***

I don't think other people feel the way I do about that. When a thing is written they have a trembling hope, at least, that it is good, and anyhow wish to have it used. But you

should see the equanimity with which I write thing after thing — both prose and verse — and stow them away, never sending them anywhere, or thinking of printing any book of them, at present if ever. Sometimes I do think I will leave a lot of stuff for some one to pick out a posthumous volume from — but more and more my sober judgment tells me that other people have seen or will see all that I have, and will state it better.

. . . Queer, queer fellows we all are. Must be fun for the bigger fellows that hide in the clouds and watch us.

***

That 's the way I feel about my writing. I know I see lots of things that are true and needed — but I feel that I am a poor specimen of a good class, and that some of the million who see 'em *as* clearly will by and by if not now be ready and able to state 'em far better, and there 's time enough ! I keep seeing things that make me say: there ! same as my idea, and expressed twice as well — thank the Lord !

***

Don't tell any such thing about what I write anonymously to any one with a penchant or opportunity for newspaper "personals," ever. I dread them exceedingly. I had an *offer* lately to be personalized, which really scared me. The safest way is not to tell anybody, till things are a year or two old and no longer of interest.

***

Love to —— when you write.

It will really be as great a service as most men have any reason to hope to do, if he shows an example of a man who

does little services all the time in some common way of earning an honest living for himself and a wife and some children. To do what it would be well for the average man to do — is a pretty good purpose.

Part of our fervor to do something *remarkable* is of the old Adam in us.

***

I never could see how any one past 20 could reminiscence — to other ears, or to their own. The past seems so full of mistakes and follies and infelicities both from the without and the within — Besides: what need to can the old dead sea fruit — there is always a fresh day ready to pick off the tree Igdrasil. Time has a kind of tart fresh flavor that I always half like, when picked fresh — but others may have all the preserves of that fruit.

[1885.]

I ought, in the matter of the snow, too, to have mentioned the way it gives under the foot on a zero day, with a crisp crunch and a keen creak: "low on the sand, and loud on the stone," and louder yet on the board-walk, which reverberates it like the resounding belly of the guitar. Yes, and the manifold sparkle of it, looking toward a full moon — *ανηρίθμον γελάσμα* . . .

Saw a snow-storm against the hour-high sun . . . this morning. Clear overhead, dark ragged cloud along East. Sun burns thro' then a clear strip thro', and snow falling across.

Query for John Le Conte — Why vacant space between cloud-source and where snow began to show? . . .

As to snow-landscape, —— says it always looks like a Xmas card. Slaty blue woods, slaty blue sky, whitey blue snow (and if you go softly into the woods, a slaty gray rabbit or two, with a slaty blue shadow on the snow.)

***

It would be the greatest Christmas card you ever saw if I could send you a look at our world this morning: mercury 1° below zero; ground *no* ground at all — but a sheet of ice-crusted snow everywhere; roads, walks, everything iced; and aloft — every separate twig of every shrub and tree a little cylinder of ice. The sun is on it now, and the wind wags everything (not "waves," because all is stiff in the ice-armor. It is strange to see the awkward swaying of the elm-boughs, as if drunk, and staggering about), and everything glitters, with points of fire — cold fire (like Tennyson's stars, in Maud) that comes and goes incessantly. Why am I not out looking at it? Because I went out and fed my chickens, put hot water in their frozen crock, got straw from the barn and filled one end of their day-house, as foot-warmer for them, stared around a while, and got enough of it. Zero weather nips the human nose and ears, when these have been mollified by ten years of Cal[a] and more.

***

C. F. (the same that I was writing from this morning — for it is still Sunday, Jan. 18, 85 — except that the sun has gone down and taken the glitter with it, tho' it has left all the ice. It shone hard as ever it could all day, but made no more impression on the ice-armor of the trees than if it had been moonlight. I said this morning, in my state of crude igno-

rance, that each twig was surrounded by a cylinder of ice. I have taken two walks since, one of them into the woods down the river, and know more than I did — like the boy that the mule kicked. I find that the ice has made a cylinder on the *top* of each lateral (or slanting) twig, fastened to it along a narrow line only. That is to say, the twig is more than $\frac{2}{3}$ free of the ice. On vertical twigs and branches, it is on the leeward side. It is a case for Prof. John Le Conte. I cannot understand it. The ice-cylinder is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter on $\frac{1}{8}$ inch twigs; $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on $\frac{1}{4}$ in. twigs. Little terminal clusters of maple buds have small globes of ice around them. Any weed that has pendent seeds or berries left, has now diamond drops. The grasses that stick up thro' the crusted snow (all glairy like ice) have ice-cylinders on the leeward side, sometimes $\frac{1}{4}$ in. on mere threads, and always attached only by a line on one side, occasionally even skipping for a little space, and not touching the grass. Some grasses stand up thus [sketch] broken and pendent. The ice has made long drops on every thread and seed. One field of delicate weed-stuff (dried and frozen, left standing from last Fall) was a wilderness of glitter — a mimic "glittering heath" of Morris's Sigurd. All this ice-work, by the way, is perfectly pure, transparent crystal. You know how finely divided an elm's ultimate twiglets are, when bare? Imagine each one sheeted in this crystal and every one a separate thread of white fire, in the sun, and glittering in the wind. — One street is set close with such elms, arching over into maples on the other side, and you can picture the vista it makes. If you meet Dr. John, . . . ask him what he makes of horizontal icicles, laid along the tops of twigs, just touching them.

***

It is snowing and blowing — do you realize that we have no touch of Spring yet? Everything is bare and bleak. The sky

is a cold slate-colored cloud roof, out of whose cracks comes only wretched snow. Some robins and blue-birds came back from the South by the Almanac, and are starved and frozen.

***

We are having a run to the seaside for "health." . . . I wish you could see the Atlantic as it comes in on the rocks here on Cape Ann. I think the Pacific never is quite so fine, at least on any shore I have seen out there.

***

I wish you could see (and share) the queerness and prettiness of the place. We watch the fishing boats — sails of all sizes and shapes — flitting out to sea and in again. It is a much *livelier* harbor than San Fr^{co} Bay, and so has much more *life* color, tho' not so fine sky and earth colors.

***

I wish I might hear from you. I wish more yet that I might see you and all of you. But the Earth does n't shrink very fast — and the years *do.*

It all goes as usual with us here. We don't die and we are not born — we neither marry nor give in marriage: but all things remain as they were. I hear very little from Cal^{a} but it is the place I most desire, still, to hear from.

***

I cannot think of —— as Mrs. ——, tho' I make daily efforts to. Can you? Yet I suppose she is? Well, I don't know as

our part of her is, after all. How is it for a theory that each of us has a different piece of a friend? And nobody ever gets that. . . .

What a stupendous and ineffable surprise it will be to some of us pessimists if we shall wake up in a world where some of these great people are — or their equals or superiors. Think of dying with —— or —— in front of one's face — and then suddenly opening the eyes of the spirit and seeing Geo. Sand or somebody —! . . .

It is a curious fact for the observer of our social status, that when you take into consideration the Reviews of the ——, as well as those of the ——, there is no city outside of N. Y. and Boston that compares with San Fr^co^ in this respect. Yet that is the Far West, supposed in this part of the world to be a field for the missionary, and the primeval schoolmaster abroad!

***

As to whether I would accept a certain offer, if made :— there would be two very serious obstacles. First, that I am not the man, in several important respects, to fill the place well. I know the sort of man it requires, and that I am not the one. Second, that I could not leave here at present. . . . A man for that place should be picked out by his enemies, not his friends. There is a great opportunity there.

***

Neither ought I to give you the impression that the religious question is my only reason for not encouraging any effort to have me selected at Yale for that vacant chair. . . . Again, I should be sorry if I had made you suppose that I am one of those bull-headed enthusiasts who wishes to foist his own

hobby into every company. I remember one of my students, since graduating, giving me warm praise for the delicacy I had seemed to show in respecting the religious points of view of my classes, always.

But on the other hand, you cannot, of course, realize (till you have come to teach the subject) how all our best literature in this century — and a good deal of it in the last century — dips continually into this underlying stream of philosophical thought, and ethical feeling. In Memoriam, for example, is one of the poems I read with my Senior classes. You may discuss its rhythms, its epithets, its metaphors, its felicities and infelicities as Art,— you are still on the surface of it. The fact is that a thinking man put a good lot of his views of things in general into it — and those views and his feelings about them are precisely the "literature" there is in the thing. And the study of it, as literature, should transfer these views and feelings straight and clear to the brain of the student. So of Middlemarch, or Romola. Or Hume's Essays. Or Faust, or Manfred, or Rénan's Souvenirs de l'enfance.

The more you think of it the more you will come to see that the moment you drive the study of literature away from the virile *thought* of modern men and women, you drive it into the puerilities of word-study, and mousing about "end-stopt lines" and all that.

***

. . . I was feeding my flock with M. Arnold, and Spencer, and Mill. They teach Spenser with an *s* in other colleges: I taught him with a *c* (being on the c-coast again.) You may say I did n't teach these great moderns very thoroughly or well — but nobody else taught them in college at all. Nobody does yet. . . . If I did n't teach them I leaked them a good deal. . . .

Of course Miss Ingelow is the greater, for she is very —

very. (Forgotten tho' by the world in general, already? But I like her very much, and never can forget her.

***

Really you'll *have* to get up your French and read Geo. Sand's Autobiog.

I look with interest for Cross' life of Geo. Eliot.

Vide good review of Emerson book in Nation Jan 8, p. 40. Wish I'd written it. It's true as a gun.

***

I like Vittoria and Sealed in Miss Phelps' new book. . . . And I like Longfellow's M. Angelo. Have you ever really read that? I guess you are hardly old enough. You will take it with gray hairs.

***

I wonder how Dr. Holmes' new Portfolio strikes you. How evidently he is old, and yet how charming it is — at least to me. I believe I like old people better than some. . . . Good thing by Harriet W. Preston, too, in the Atlantic. She knows how to write. How refreshing a *trained* writer is!

***

The only refuge for you from the whizzing of the brain along one track, is in reading French. Really I don't know how I could have tided over certain days and nights I have had . . . if I had n't had a French story to read. You see there are n't any more good English stories, and you have to read the French ones. There never *were* many of the kind I mean — where the plot, and a certain snap about the dialogue, lead you along page after page. The French stories keep a

mature mind going, just as English ones do a child's mind. Geo. Sand, or Dumas père take my mind along just as Dickens used to when I was a boy. I confess that in the case of Dumas there is not so much residuum as in the case of Dickens — it all goes in at one ear and out of the other — but who cares? The thing is to drag the mind away from its pizens, and keep it away long enough to recuperate a little.

***

If I spell "favo*u*r," perhaps because I have been reading French lately. Tho' I always did prefer those *u* spellings, a little — while despising such questions too much for thinking much about it. I have a vague sense that words have a family pride in their true origin, that may as well be respected. As if a word should say to a person who spells it in its derivative entirety: "Oh who is this that knows the way I came?" Somehow, there are several of the Websterisms, or Americanisms, that jar on me as indicative of *not* knowing the way they came — or much else.

***

Her interest in things outside of relation to her seemed rather fictitious. It is a horrible penalty to pay for fame and flattery. I more and more believe the only way for ordinary mortals is to keep out of sight, and write anonymously. Why not? It seems to me I should like a man very much who, having gained a good reputation, went on doing better and better work, "smiling unbeknownst." He would like to succeed first, and *then* do it, to make it clear to himself it was no fear of failure or timidity.

***

And this general criticism, that sad poems never ought to be written or printed. Peccavi, peccavimus.— Perhaps they are well enough for young people to read, for they won't believe there's any truth in such things.

***

You never will get a rich man — who has devoted his life to getting rich — to give without a visible *quid pro quo.* It may be glory, or the church with its influence in getting God to wink at some trifling peccadilloes, or some other more or less obscure means to the end — but the end is always there. . . . At least: *I never have known of a case to the contrary.* (That's all anyone can safely say.)

***

The paper is decent and presentable, for that class of paper. But it is a kind that I have no use for or interest in, nor have you. It is hopelessly vulgar — the clean sort of vulgarity. The butcher's apprentice after he has been to boarding school and learned to wear clean linen. I have no hope of any young man who thinks it is journalism to recount the names of the silly people in the dress circle at the theatre, etc. And the attacks on —— and —— are merely a little cleaner-linened scuffling around on the same street-level with them. . . . There is no power or knowledge evidenced in the paper, to show a *raison d'être.* Simply to be decent does n't constitute a reason for getting up and talking in public; especially if one is a little silly with his decency. The way to "fight ——" w'd be to furnish a better paper — *positively* better. This is only negatively better — just as the poorest little Sunday School paper in the country is.

***

It 's safe to look for some pretty selfish motive in the *average* man — you know; and safe to think A or B is "average," till you find some nobleness in him (as tested by life, not words) that marks him as very exceptional.

***

You must not suppose I am getting suspicious or incapable of believing in generous aims and motives. I believe in them as much as ever — when I see them. And I see them, too, here and there. But I have learned not to expect them in people who make great show of having them. These wonderful young men who proclaim their noble purposes and make a fuss about themselves — I don't expect to find anything but the most common and vulgar selfishness in them.

***

But let us not think these things of greater importance in the universe than they are. That steady revolution of the earth — it is a great comfort to me.

***

That 's the way to look at it. Bird's eye view of all our operations, with the rest of the solar system slowly revolving in the distance.

We must acquire a kind of philosophical *sang froid* — doing what we can, but not taking on, or lying awake and whizzing, about what we can't do.

***

More and more I wish all literary work was anonymous. These people who are madly tearing around after a reputation, and these people (worst of all) who assume that *we* are — *that*

is the really appalling thing. . . . I wish they would n't always "say something" if a body sends some printed thing.

***

Dear Fellow-Countryman—

Your picture, and your pictures, look at me so often that I am not without a sense of your being somewhere around — but neither the photograph nor the landscapes give me much news — late news — of you. . . . And what are you both doing? I imagine you at a big table in the Museum — not exactly shelling corn, but cornering shells. Are you? . . . You see they are going to have more row in the University — so the papers say. Lots of good (?) times "and we aint in 'em." . . . I 'd like to live a thousand years and watch the play go on, out there. Would n't you? We are spectators now. We can hiss the bad actors and clap the good ones. But they wont refund the money at the door, if the thing is a failure.

***

I was wishing you were at hand the other evening to tell us about some baby Anodonta shells — the larval condition — that we found in the mother's arms (or shawl-fringe — or apron-strings) and fussed-with, under the microscope ($\frac{1}{4}$ inch objective). Very cute and pretty. Went to Cleveland Library and got W. K. Brooks' Inver. Zoology and studied 'em up. Good book. There 's more fun to the square inch in a microscope than in anything I've ever found (except a good fellow — but you can't haul one of *them* out of a box whenever you feel like it. . . .) . . . —— has struck an old receipt book to-day: 1818. A Compendious Repository of Practical Information. . . . Tells how to cook "Kebobbed mutton." . . . And a "curious Method of Roasting a Pig from an old Manuscript." (*Whose* old ms. do you s'pose we could get the pig from?)

Please tell —— to send me some manuscript (not to get pigs out of, but) to launch at some magazine or other. Prose or verse, or both. Why not? "Quick, quick."

***

Would n't it be fun to have money and time and train up a lot of writers (living a couple of hundred years, of course, to watch 'em along).

***

Have you read Bayard Taylor's Life and Letters (by Horace Scudder and some lady)? Very interesting. Curious to see how full his mind was of himself and his own literary works and plans, in a very naive, honest way. A man chock full of force. If he had had a good college education he would have been a power. But he had to scratch along up, anyhow and everyhow.

***

By the way, that Brahma of Emerson's. Have you seen in Edwin Arnold's new Poem *his* version and the original Sanskrit given. I never was so astonished as to find it was merely a paraphrase of the old Skr.— How cd Emerson ever let it go as his, and stand so, year after year?

Geo. Eliot's Autobiog. makes good reading. (I 'm glad it 's in Franklin Square. "What one is, why may not millions be?")

***

Geo. Eliot's life in Franklin Square now. . . . She says Henry Esmond disagreeable story at the end — because "he was in love with the daughter all thro' the bk and then married the mother at last" — Yet I think it seems all right, as one

reads it. Who would have had him marry the other, knowing her?

The orthodox people will not like things Geo. Eliot says in her letters, and they will try to frown her down. But they will not succeed. She was great, and good too. Let them cast stones who are better. She was clear-headed and rational, that 's all; and had that faith in the Divine wisdom that makes one feel sure the true is — in the long run — the safe and good.

***

Have you read ——'s bk. . . . If you have, you must be tired! I have just done with it, and find it the most wearisome piece of carpenter and joiner work in the world. I confess to skipping. No mortal will ever read it through at all — or at the risk of putting off their mortality prematurely. It is all a mass of pretty writing. . . . It is the old-fashioned style of "reviewing" of the old "Reviews;" which consisted in saying ponderous things *about* the thing in hand, but never giving a spark of real analysis of it — never really hitting *it*. . . . The thing for a modern critic to do is to pick out the true things that we did n't all *know* were true, and say those simply. How easy to fill page after page telling what is perfectly true about a cat or a clam: it is alive; it digests food; it is two miles away from the baker's shop; it is not Dan[l] Webster; it revolves around the sun once each year; it cannot talk Hebrew; it was not the man that struck Billy Paterson; etc., etc.

***

Who do you s'pose wrote this review of —— . . . .? It praises him far more than I should, but I am pleased with a certain stiff old-fashioned elegance in the review, and its suggestion of a man with a horizon, and literary experience. So

I am curious to know who does it. I should say — at a guess — it is a man just 55 years old — once a minister, now privately a liberal — wears gold spectacles — has a good library — married — walks slowly and with a large thick cane — benevolent — not aggressive — bass voice — knows a good deal. Do you ever amuse yourself guessing at personalities from their writings? ——'s book is one of that vexing sort of books that you know will please everybody a great deal more than it deserves to. But your vexation lessens when you remember how quickly such a book will die. It will — in ten years — be one of those bks which "no gentleman's library" etc.— but which no human being ever looks into — except that college professors will recommend it to students, and Freshmen will crib its elegant nothings for compositions, which the other Freshmen will very much admire.

***

I don't suppose I made myself very clear about my views of ——'s book. It goes back to certain bottom convictions and instincts of mine. . . . The habit of taking fine phrases about things for good talk about them. Nothing penetrated, or tried to penetrate the topic on hand. A topic was only a nail on which each hung as much tinsel and jingling stuff as he could get to stick on it. "So he." Such writers need to go to school to our best natural science writers. Some day I 'm going to come out and tell what I think nat. science *is* good for, as a study. Some people will then say (not you) "how he has changed his views!"

***

I 'm making acquaintance with another Frenchman I like: Balzac. He sticks some sharp and deep probes into the human heart. Like Thackeray, he makes one wonder "if he means *me*."

I go with you entirely about St. Matthew's poetry, and the Greek of it. "How he *does* it" is by *being* that way, I suppose. But perhaps he is an example of the educational effect of keeping one's mind constantly in contact with the choicest of everything. Think what a hodge-podge of influences most of us tumble around in, all our lives.

This getting up in the morning wrong foot foremost is one of the chief ills of life. More fun over night is what would keep us from it. But the prescription is like Port wine and peacocks' tongues to the beggar. Going to bed *early* is sometimes a safeguard. I wish you 'd write a mag. essay about the woes and wants of children, such as you speak of in that connection. It would do good. Parents don't *mean* to be mean; they need light.

I have come to feel a good deal your disrelish of poetry. A friend of mine writes to me that he lately said "I always despised it; I believe I am coming to hate it." He was thinking of the value of hard facts.

But every now and then, at an odd moment, I feel all the old charm of it: "Das ew'ge, alte Lied"— (remember that poem of Anastasius Grün in Golden Treasury of German Song). I constantly find little things in the magazines and papers that I like.

—— in his talk with you, simply differs (apparently) with us as to the thing of *first* importance in education. I can't help feeling that *first* comes the need of lifting people up to higher planes. It is bad if A or B grows up without any trade, and so bungles about, or idles, or starves.— But it 's bad if he stays in that class to which such things are likely to occur, when he might have been hauled up to higher grades. . . .

Your tale of the Doctor is very interesting. Life *is* very interesting, if one has any eyes.

***

As a writer on abstract subjects for the hurrying reader I should say your defect is in not making the *points* stick right out and hit his eye, will he, nill he. *Directness* — perhaps one may call it. The thing that —— has n't and that Godkin has — whatever it is exactly. So that after going away the reader remembers for 24 hours the *main* thing you said. . . . You *run on*, a little — saying good things, but like —— and Dame Quickly about the parcel gilt goblet — following chance suggestions in the mind, instead of driving along one track, ruthlessly cutting off all side-ideas.

***

I object entirely to the Alumnæ Associations, because they are on the radically wrong tack of separating the sexes in intellectual matters. It 's all a going back to the meeting-house separation, one side for each sex. It emphasizes and makes absurdly prominent the sex difference again. When human beings work at intellectual things, who cares whether they are male or female? It is simply vulgar to care. Would you like a male and female department in a magazine? Or a horse car?

***

I use the word [alumnæ] under protest: I should prefer to consider alumni — like so many other words of that sort — of both genders. . . . Your arguments *pro* a separate alumnæ association-a, to act as a general-a lever-a, separatæ from the boys-i, are good and have weight — but I am a kind of a " man convinced against his will " in the matter. I can see but this one direction — when we come to reduce generals to particulars — in which they have any raison d'être as a distinct-a body-a. The matter of preparatory advantages, perhaps, is another — and a thing of immense importance. . . . It is

mighty hard to resist the attraction of gravitation. So many forces tend to pull the whole educational system down hill in this country, that it will take all our tugging to budge it an inch upward. Yet we will tug! . . . Can you get for me the Report of the Eastern alumnæ (Reportam) you speak of? I should like it very much. . . .

I like all you say about the woman question. It's good to know that a few people see the thing right end foremost, for where a few see, there will by and by be some to act. Once in a while one meets a woman of sense, or a man of sense, and one has hopes of his species again.

***

You perhaps have been accustomed to believe the often repeated assertion that great institutions must *grow*, very slowly. That is a notion that it has been for the interest of the old colleges to keep up. In point of fact, it is not necessarily true in modern times. No doubt it was true, once. How long has it taken Johns Hopkins to grow? Or the Univ. of Michigan? "A great University" would exist anywhere the instant there was a sufficient number of great MEN in that particular spot, ready to teach and to investigate. There is no reason in the nature of things why it should not be produced, so far as securing its existence goes, in a week — if one must make an extreme statement — true enough, too, however paradoxical. How long would it take, think you, to make a better library than Yale College has, given the requisite dollars? About three weeks — i. e. long enough to send orders and drafts to England, France, and Germany. The old MSS. and curiosities of the Library, which require slow accumulation, are of no earthly account anyway. Sufficient salaries would draw plenty of good men. I don't doubt, in all sober earnest, that a plant of ten million dollars would build a N. Y. Uni-

versity that should forever make any of our tinkering and bothering about Yale College unnecessary and absurd.

***

Yours just rec^{d} with the poor S—— verse-writer's letter. Such things are awful. If it 's piteous to see a dog's eyes when he is trying to be a human being and get close up to one's mind, how much more so to see these low-grade human beings trying to be somebody. Especially if actual poverty and the body-suffering comes in. It must be frightful to be getting old, and poorer and poorer, and absolutely no hope.

***

Almost thou persuadest me to be a pessimist. . . . And we shall not be very bad pessimists (not pessimi pessimistorum) while we admit that after all it is worth living, for us, and worth *trying* for, for the future comers.

You say, truth *was* spoken in Zoroaster's time — all right. That shows that there 's no *use* in speaking it? !

But all argument just plays on the surface. We don't know. Thou canst not know, the Voice replied. (Or I replied to the Voice.) My calendar for to-day says: 'Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?" Who knows but they are? That *we* are not the highest is my constant conviction. — Blessed be the man that invented *work*.

***

This world is not out of the woods yet by any means.— Meantime I hope you are keeping your soul as tranquil as circumstances will permit: taking the bird's-eye view, as a medicine, before each meal — and hearing, whenever you wake up

in the night, that "sentinel" who goes his rounds "whispering to the worlds of space" "peace."— One must not expect to do very much more than the average. . . . It's a kind of greediness that circumstances always conspire to cure us of.

***

I often think, when I fidget after doing more work and more good — Oh well. One must n't hope for the chance to do *too* much more than the average man. Now the average man does n't do *anything*.

***

I am busy getting up a village aid society — Awful weather for poor people without even potatoes and no blankets.

Also making a new campaign for my struggling village library. . . . It's a hard world to really *do* anything in — but Lord, how easy to *talk!*

***

Don't you rather reluct at writing these last dates of the year? The illusion is strong on us that it really is a dying away, bit by bit, of one more set of opportunities — possibilities — liveabilities — A sort of annual Mystery, or Passion Play, of the End of Life. Then we slip over the ridge-pole into Jan. 1, 2, etc. and begin to go down — faster and faster — and forget the old days behind.— We wish each other "merry" Xmas; how merry do we succeed in being? Somebody has been editorialing that we have no business to wish people, or be (except children) "merry." I deny his overwise assertion. "We'd *ought* 'o" be merry. I can conceive a considerable number — or sets — of circumstances that could slide into this moment and make me merry. Could n't you as to *your* self?

I was merry for two minutes and a half this morning, when —— related the anecdote of the boy whose mother caught him in a lie, and tried to impress the story of Ananias on him. He had an idiot brother named Melchisedek. "How that story would have scared Melchisedek!" quoth the boy. "It don't scare me a bit!"

***

[On the back of a Christmas card, representing a woodland stream:]

This is the bank whereon the wild Time blows
Where poor professors might forget their woes —
Where they their wiser faculties might find
By leaving their unwiser Faculties behind.
Thither, O Dean, Oh! thither let us flee,
And build no more a U-ni-vers-i-tee.
We 'll lie at ease, all quiet, calm, and cool,
And yes — we 'll have to have our little school,
Line upon line — O, it will be too utter!
Our little school of fishes fried in butter!

[1886.]

Is n't it kind of odd that among one's Christmas cards — no matter how many he receives — no two are alike? I believe I have had, in all the years of receiving them, but one case of duplicates. That was one from Berlin and its mate from San Francisco — which, again, illustrates the small size of this planet. It is as if one's friends conspired together about it. Individualities show, and that's one pretty thing about it. . . . We are trying to take winter in the nonchalant and

merry fashion (the sang FROID) of the two children that head the pretty procession on the card. We ought to be able to, for there are the others coming along in their turn in a few days and weeks. The longest winter is short enough when consid[d] as a fraction of the allottment of life (one t would have been enough, but see the instinctive desire to lengthen it !)

***

I like best to print such things anonymously — all things, in fact, except polemic articles — or supposably cussable and fightable ones. I like to have here and there a friend know a thing is mine, but nobody else. I believe in it as a theory. It would promote good literature if adopted, and choke off much superfluity of gab.

When are you, and some "seven spirits" *as* wicked as yourself and me, going to stir round and get up the coming university for N. Y. and the rest of the world? Why did n't you get it done by Vanderbilt? (i. e. why was n't it Vander-built !)

It 's the thing that needs doing. Why should n't it be done !

***

How perpetually true it is that we never learn anything new about anybody when we have summered and wintered him in college ! I guess that 's the chief good of a college course — to know a few types right down to bedrock. (It 's a good sign as to the complex value of a college ed., that we are always finding some new thing that is the "chief good of a college course."

Have I remarked to you a few hundred times that I have discov[d] that no one has a friend except college people. Business men who never went to college never have such a thing as an intimate friend. Don't know what the word means.

I 've done nothing but public affairs — village affairs — for two months now. Must get to writing again, or the winter will be gone.

***

As to ——, you have to take men as they are. Few of 'em perfect. "God takes good care the trees don't grow into the sky." —— is probably no more selfish and material-minded than some of the politer men who have learned, in society, to put their best foot foremost and hide their short-comings. We must make considerable allowance for the people who never have learned those airs and graces that conceal so much. —— never blarneys you or takes advantage of your soft side, or commends himself with those thousand subtle flatteries of the polished person. He shows what he is. To compare him fairly with x or y you must see x and y as *they* are, too.

It is snowing big blobs of white wool, and blowing still bigger ones off the piled fir-trees by the window.

***

Snow — snow — and cold. I have dug paths and been off to see a poor family and take shoes to 'em — child of 7 died today. The sun flashed out as I got ready for supper, and made a superb light for a minute on the snowy trees — and then I thot but there sits that mother by the dead child.

***

If you had a maltese kitten to help you write your last letter, I have a catbird to help me write this. That is to say, he sits on one foot and looks down at the pen and then up at me, as if we were principal and amanuensis, respectively. I think that is about the humanest thing animals do — that

looking up from your hands etc. to *you.* Why should n't the hand be "you," to them — it is their Hand of Providence (or Provender — much the same thing); but no — they recognize where the engineer of the machine resides — up in the turret of it — as well as the little girl in Punch — "Mamie, you must tie your *own* sash this time!" "How can I, aunty,— I 'm in *front!*" Which reminds me of a joke I heard a man get off years ago. Somebody said of an acquaintance, "His face is against him." "Well, it would look mighty funny if it was anywhere else, would n't it?"

I 'm glad you and —— sometimes say to yourselves (and each other) that some bit of stuff or other is of my writing. It is very pleasant to have the *very* few people notice and care about what one writes. Per contra, I am getting more and more to prevent the *many* people from knowing, by not signing my name — except in the case of a belligerent article, which of course must be signed. No fair to be popping off one 's popguns in the dark.

Your remark that Goethe may not have had much "cement" in his *life* is worth thinking of.— I don't know as there is much of a *plot* in any one 's life. A few isolated, haphazard episodes, and *tout fini.* "Would it were other!"

***

When one writes A. M. at the top of a letter (it occurred to me to ask as I began this sheet) (and for a wonder remembered it now;— when you have seven or eight things in your head as you begin a letter, do you ever get back to the others after you launch out on the first?) what hour of the day does it bring to your mind? To me I think it means 10 to 11. Perhaps with a thicker place in the image towards $10\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ to 11; and hazing out toward $11\frac{1}{2}$ and 12. P. M. means about 4. . . .

I have just increased my menagerie by a brown thrush. The

relations between him and the catbird are a little strained this morning. To any one who keeps birds and makes friends of them this wearing of birds on hats is about as if women should wear a necklace of babies' toe-nails or of the dried ears of their deceased relatives.

***

Do you ever have times of seeing faces in everything? Wall-paper, carpets, etc?. . . . The truth is, this world is got up on a scale of great economy as to lines. The same curves and angles are made to do duty for all sorts of objects. Faces of *people* are not nearly so different as they ought to be. What a variety a fourth dimension might lend to human countenances. I would rather be ever so homely and queer looking than to look so much alike as some people do.

***

Dear Compatriot — (By the way, that 's what our too-too hospitable constitution and flag say to the foreigner — eh? Come — Pat! — Riot!) Thank you for pamphlet, paper, and letter, and advice and information therein, upon the which I will act. I wish the Government publications of all sorts might be distributed with a little more judgematicalness. . . . Public Libraries — even small ones — might better have 'em than these "constituents" who make fires with 'em. It 's even worse with the publications of the different States. . . . What you want is a *catbird* — not stuffed, or only with boiled eggs and potaty. They 're great fun if you get one raised from the nest. Have you read — both of you — Olive Thorne Miller's little book about "Bird-ways"? Cute.

***

Spring has at last come all in a bunch. Everything is in blossom — except the rail fences — and I expect to see them out in bloom any morning. There never was so much blossoming, of fruit trees and everything else; and all three weeks ahead of calendar time.

***

The French writers have frequent allusions to people's *amour-propre.* They seem to have come to a full recognition that it is a big motive with all human nature. Now I am convinced that this taking-on and keeping-on of bigger jobs than we can carry comes a good deal from exaggerated *amour-propre.* We like so devilish well to think we 're doing the work of four or five men. Especially if we feel we are doing it better than somebody else could or would.

***

I don't keep a large correspondence — how should a man correspond *with* more people than he corresponds *to?* . .

I should like to hear you on the future of the mugwump: that means my own future, as well as yours. . . . I 'm afraid there 's one thing pretty certain in his immediate future — some appalling profanity during the next presidential campaign. . . . It 's an awful world (even "*with* coffee") for a man who knows a rascal and a fraud when he sees him: an awfully lonesome world.

I should like very much to accept your call to "come back" and see you all — everybody is going to Cal[a] nowadays. . . . "Some day," I always say to myself, "I am coming."

***

My chief interest in life is in a house a foot square on top of a stub of old pear tree, one side of the roof hinged, wherein

a pair of wrens have built (under daily inspection) a most wonderful feather-embowered boudoir, and wherein they are now turning sugarplums into wrenlets. "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue."

***

You could learn French in the economized hours, in about two months, or even less for a reading knowledge (which will do). And I am more and more sure that you 'll have to learn French so as to have their light literature to fall back on when your illusions fade, their bright literature when everything seems dull and heavy, and their philosophical (Geo. Sand, particularly) when everybody seems bigoted and hypocritical and afraid to say "It 's a fine day" lest it should n't after all be the view of the majority. I am reading Balzac's "Les Chouans" now. There 's no great value in Balzac. It 's only entertaining. A million cartloads of such bks never would civilize the smallest island. But one may do worse than to read 'em. Mind you, I do *not* read any *dirty* French bks. I have no professional duty to know just how bad *they* are.

Go and read Anna Karénina. English translation said to be from Russian direct. Great book.

Don't read Salammbo !

***

It is the rarest thing in the world to find a man or a woman who will make the idea — the thing to be accomplished — the first and dominant thing. They are all seeking their own pleasure or profit.— In the light of such things, when it comes to the ethics of giving up your end of the log to another fellow, . . . does it not seem as if the self-abnegation itself were a positive good. The two men being judged equal in value, the angel could not decide — but the man can, for

himself, because the mere fact of giving up self creates a value and turns the scale. For Jones to put Brown in his own place on the log would only substitute x for x. But the giving up of himself — that makes the act x + y instead of the previous x. The universe with Jones sticking to his log and Brown gone down would have only x. Now it has x + the act of abnegation, or x + y. It is so much the richer. . . . As to Anna Karenina, that is different. He knew she could not be happy with him, but he might have known she could not with the hero of the bull neck either. The thing for Wronsky to do (it's *W* in the French version) would have been to hit straighter when he used the pistol. To miss himself was a great blunder, all round. She might have cured her husband of cracking his joints, and a different barber would have disguised the ears. But the man ought to have got off the log before ever he married her. A man should have the manliness to consider a little beforehand whether a poor girl is going to be happy with him — when he is older, and she very young and blind, at least. . . .

To try to tell the exact truth — how few of the reviewers seem to have attained to that.

***

I am reading Geo. Sand's correspondence. Of equal interest — or greater than her Histoire de ma Vie. Oh yes, you'll have to read French. . . . Keep a good courage, and when you get a little depressed about things, charge it to some physical state, and appeal to Philip sober. I can see a good many bright possibilities, and a few probabilities. It's fun that we *are*, anyhow.

***

. . . The only *great* things, *so* far in the world — with great and enduring reputations — and great power in the

world — and therefore great glory for the doers or founders of them — have been those that have based themselves on deep and permanent needs of man. No fiddlesticks of an industrial college, or mechanics training school . . . meeting only a newspaper demand, or demagogue demand. I wish he could realize the tremendous renown and power of Oxford and Cambridge — or of the big German Universities, and figure himself as begetting such another. Can't we raise Bishop Berkeley's spirit (where is the witch of Endor?) to inflame him?

What a thing it might be, out there in Cal[a], if he only would! To start, you see, free of the old load of accumulated rubbish, and with the advantage of all that has been learned by means of, or in spite of this rubbish— It 's great.

***

It is hot, and dusty, and a drought. But we 're all pretty well. Of course we can't do much that is useful — nobody does here in the summer. But it 's something to keep alive in a world as interesting as this is. Consid[d] as a novel there are a good many nice plots being worked out in it. . . . Health first and everything in creation afterward is the only sensible rule.

***

I have just pasted up (on my envelope box in front of me) this scrap out of some paper: "How," said one to Sir Walter Raleigh, "do you accomplish so much and in so short a time?" "When I have anything to do, I go and do it," was the reply.— This has pertinence none at all, but I tho[t] I would pass it along as a good thing. I find more good things than I should expect to, in a world largely made up of such stupig people. Yet, on the other hand, how few good things one finds, when you come to consider how many bright people there are in the world!

***

Perhaps I have a right to despise other people's work a little, as I so heartily despise all my own in verse. The things way back — at our hearts — we verse-tinklers do not say. Too many listeners. . . . I've had a lot of letters — a small lot — in the last year or two, from strangers. . . . There ought to be more ways in which bright and good (or who aim to be good) people could avoid their opposites and hit upon their kin. But the way thro' letters is not a very safe or satisfactory one.

***

Hot as an oven, but interesting, when one can stand it — as we all contrive to do. They are literally splendid, such days. The sun seems to fill the sky, in the middle of the day. And you know we have shadows in such sunshine. Grey climates know nothing of the wonderfulness of the shade. Moonlight nights, too.

***

I am interested just now in insects. Know anything about 'em? (By the way — nice little book about spiders you ought to read — by Emerton. . . . Did you ever see a cicada, or any of the cicadas, make their stridulation? I have for the first time seen lately the little monotone-incessant fellows do it — they lift their wings up at right angles to their backs and rub them together. Great fun. I watch 'em by striking matches. Did you ever see a "17 year locust" come out of his shell? Do you know the gold bug (Coptocycla Aurea-chalcea) and his larva that carries a hinged parasol over his back — inhabitants of morning glories (wild and tame, but especially the Mexican)? . . .

Speaking of poet did you see the anecdote — a rustic pair

are married, and after the ceremony (dear, dear — I 've no time to tell this properly — then why delay for this parenthesis, you great loon !) the bride bursts into tears and says, "I never told you I don't know how to cook !" "Never mind," sez he; "I am a poet, and I shall never have any food for you to cook!" — And so they lived happily ever after.

***

I begin to believe that the people who know anything thoroughly and minutely about anything in the Animal Kingdom are mighty rare. I never can find any *book*, at least, which can tell me any but the obvious and surface facts about any living creature. My interest just now is in Insects. And I wish you 'd ask the great Washington Chief Bug Sharp, or some other wise feller, what — on the whole — is the best book, or work, on insects. I 've been making some cursory observations, e. g., on the stridulating business; but I can't find any good account of it in any book. Also the microscopic structure of the caterpillar's jaw apparatus. Also the cut and thrust stinger of the big black gad-fly — and half a dozen other things that I find (after a fashion) in my microscope. It gets to be vexing — when a man is hunting over a lot of books in a big library — to find them all telling such a string of *obvious* things, that everybody knows, and none of them telling you what you are trying to find out. I wish everybody was compelled in childhood to know *all* about some one thing, and to keep his mouth pretty much "shet up" about everything else.

***

. . . Have been for a week across the border into N. W. Pennsylvania, among some wildish baby-mountains with some good woods. . . . Had some good walks in fine dark rugged

forest places, and almost could imagine it was California. It makes us sentimental and home-sick when that occurs.

***

After an hour spent in straightening out papers — cleaning up two tables — (how they get rattled, these writing tables, if one does not exercise eternal vigilance !) I sat down to do some "literary" writing — but the spirits refuse to communicate — and it must be letterary, instead. In the process of clearing up I put away a volume of Geo. Sand's correspondence, which reminds me to quote (and translate) a bit of one I was reading last night. "You believe in the greatness of women, and you hold them for better than men. For my part, I don't think so. Having been degraded, it is impossible that they have not taken the [moeurs] morals and manners of slaves, and it will take more time to lift them out of it than would have been necessary for men to raise themselves. When I think of it I have the spleen ; bnt I mean not to live too much in the present moment. We must not be too much beaten down by the general ill. Have we not affections, profound, certain, durable?"

I might quote also the end of the letter: "Does my laziness about writing discourage you? But you know very well how this frightful trade of the scribbler makes you take a scunner to the very view of ink and paper."

Rain — hot water. —— says the air is like soup, anywhere East of the Sierras in summer.

***

It is (I have to tell you) the beautifullest early-Fall weather today. Ah me and ochhone, what a days that are no more ishness there is about it. You don't exactly have it in Cal[a] — The leaves on all the vines have been crying all night and hang all

kind o' shamed of it and wilticated — and the sunshine is yellow and still — no more dance in it, tho' the crickets have piped unto it all the morning. Melons are ripe and grapes, and the coal is being got in — black reminder of the frost bite to come. . . . This weather or sumpthin or 'other makes me kind o' wishful for a ticket to California.

***

Your reason for coming-in to Woman Suffrage is good and sound. Et ego. . . .

I think you are right in suggesting that the sub-visible friend-image, and the unseizable word lie in the same cave. But I don't think it is quite the swooping down of the swallow (when we can just *not* get a word by the handle), but a swooping *up* of the mind-effort — we jump, and strain, and reach, then fall back exhausted — then try again, and almost touch the handle. Not down in a cave therefore, but floating in the *top* cavity of the skull, like Frank Stockton's man with a balloon which would n't come down to be reached by his wife or anybody. And I guess this view is truer to the physical fact of the process: the word, or image, is a cell-connection in the brain — the effort is to drive a jet of nerve-force through it — but it sticks — the track is n't free, or something.

***

Boo'ful autumn days. "The flying gold of the Autumn woodlands drift." Soon it will be the "rotten woodlands drip and the leaf is stamped in clay." But we won't borrow trouble. . . . It 's always pleasant to look forward to winter and think one *may* do some bit of worth-while writing.

***

D^d^ you see in the Nation 14th, on French Humour? That is like the conscience money they send the P. O. Dept.— I wanted to make amends for my own vituperation.

***

These B—— people . . . belong to a problematical class to me. They are good people, and do good. Yet I would always pray to be deliv^d^ from any association with them. Is it their blood (their inheritance), or their training, or what? I met —— . . . He struck me as a perfect ass. Yet see the things he does, and does very well. . . . I suppose the short word for it is Philistine. Yet they are Bohemians, too. I am coming to feel that the one sole and only mark and test of a plebeian (where "all the little soul is dirt") is this sticking themselves forward. And that the only thing necessary to prove a person, to me, a natural nobleman, is the willingness — nay, desire — to stay out of sight and be unannounced. I have a perfect loathing . . . for these people that do this newspaper-puff business about themselves.— And by the way, I don't like this thing of small poets writing sonnets (signed duly with their small names) to bigger ones. Do you? It's getting common and unclean. And the mutual sonnetteering of the small ones to each other.

***

A winter snowstorm to-night.— Loud roars the belast. Mercury just freezing point. . . . The snow is piling thick on houses, fences, trees. It is *awfully* white, so, in the night, with the gale rushing through it.— We are mere insects — But what things we can think!

***

Meantime I have read a little German. A German publisher in Chicago, "Schick," publishes a series of 20 ct. book-

lets of recent German short stories. . . . I have been reading some of them . . . with a good deal of enjoyment. There is much in what you once said to me about the homely sincerity and earnestness of the Germans in contrast with the French. But they are pretty heavy and slow-moulded. I like the warm human feel of their house and home stories, though.

***

I think of you as "walking alone like the rhinoceros," more and more as years go on. For in fact of the almanac, the years do seem to go on — hold back as we may. When I think how long I have been away from Berkeley I am driven to wonder that I ever hear from any friend there. For Time carries not only a scythe and mows, but a hatchet and splits. A good ordinary quality of love seems to last in this world about a year and a half or two years of absence — a prime quality of friendship from five to seven! Hail, O Time! thou splitter apart of mortals. Splititandi salutamus!

***

January 1, 1887.

I don't like the years to go so. I was not half done with '86. . . .

I read this in Turgénieff's Raufbold last night:

"Er hatte viel gelesen; und so bildete er sich ein er besitze Erfahrung und Klugheit; er legte nicht den leisesten Zweifel dass alle seine Voraussetzungen richtig seien; er ahnte nicht dass das Leben unendlich mannigfaltig ist, und sich niemals wiederholt."

So, to live is more than to read, and one might *know* all things and miss of everything. And so, if life is endlessly manifold, we may hope for good and great things, here or hereafter.

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